

FORTY YEARS OF AN ENGINEER'S LIFE

AT HOME & ABROAD;

WITH
NOTES
BY THE
WAY.



ALFRED EDWARD GARWOOD
MEM. INST. C.E.



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Y.

Vice Admiral Sir Arthur W. Moore
K.C.B. C.M.G.

with the Author's compliments, &
thanks for kindness to his Nephew. High.

A. Garwood

July 1904.

1870-1871
1872-1873

1874-1875
1876-1877
1878-1879
1880-1881

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Dedication.

In Affectionate Remembrance of my
Father and Mother this book
is dedicated.

P R E F A C E .

“Experiences of an Engineer” does not, perhaps, sound alluring to the average reader, but I venture to think that in the story set forth in this book, much of interest will be found, not in my personality, which, after all, is only the necessary background, but in the description of matters of moment to those great countries, Russia and Egypt, at a time when Englishmen were comparatively little known there, and knew those countries still less. The question of nationality was the cause of my leaving Russia at a time when I held an important position in the Russian railway service. It was then that I went to Egypt, and there, as in the land of the “Great White Tsar,” my experiences were decidedly remarkable, and I take leave to hope, will be found interesting. Much of necessity must be left unsaid, and if I had any cause of complaint against any person or persons in authority, I have, indeed, reason to look back with feelings of pleasure and of gratitude for many tokens of esteem and goodwill shewn to an Englishman who was practically alone in strange lands, absolutely independent, in Russia and in Egypt, of any party or clique, whose sole object was to discharge faithfully the duties of the honourable positions to which he was appointed. I entered the Egyptian Government service under the rule of his Highness the Khedive of Egypt, the late Ismail Pasha, and continued later on under his son, the late Thewfik Pasha, on the recommendation and at the request of the late Lieut.-General W. F. Marriott, President of the Egyptian State Railways Administration, and it was in that connection that the most important part of my life’s work may be estimated.

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A. E. Garwood.

March 16th 1903.

FORTY YEARS OF AN ENGINEER'S LIFE.



CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

MY earliest recollection takes me back to the village of Madehurst, in Sussex, where my father, the late Alderman Robert Garwood, of Arundel, Sussex, had given up his employment on the Madehurst Estate, and left me for a short time in the care of the master and mistress of the village school. I was then sent to my maternal grandmother's home at Havant, in Hampshire, a little later to become a permanent resident pupil at the old Manor House School in that town. Over my boyhood's days I can skip lightly, with a kindly remembrance of all my good parents did for me, of happy days profitably as well as pleasurable spent, and with a never-failing admiration for the father who was so proud (and I) of his descent from the old Yeoman stock, of which he was so fine an example.

When the time for deciding upon a useful career in life came about in 1860-61, my inclinations were towards the sea. At first my father did not look upon the project with favour, as three of my brothers were braving the perils of the deep. My eldest brother was engineer of H.M.S. Furious, with the Black Sea Fleet, my second brother a captain in the Mercantile Marine, and engaged in the China trade, and my third brother became

Fleet Engineer of the Pacific Squadron, and retired as Inspector of Machinery Afloat, R.N. However, my father agreed to do his best for me, and Lord Edward Howard, then M.P. for Arundel, very kindly interested himself in the matter.

The intention was to get me a clerkship in the Navy, but before much progress was made with my nomination, something occurred which changed my whole current of thought, and led up to the career dealt with in this book. I was one day taken to the railway workshops at Brighton by my father and introduced to Mr. Craven, Mem. Inst. C.E., the Locomotive Superintendent, the result being that I entered the workshops of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company on a six years' apprenticeship to mechanical engineering.

The years quickly passed, and with them came my knowledge of work in the turning and fitting shops, with the leading gang of erectors in building new locomotives and other machinery, the drawing office, and other departments.

In those days a considerable amount of boiler construction was carried on in the erecting shops, and my hearing began to be affected. It was thought that the incessant din of the rivetting was the primary cause of that, and I was given outdoor employment.

Before the completion of my apprenticeship, I was appointed Locomotive Inspector at East Croydon Station, for the control of the locomotive service between that station, London Bridge, Victoria, and Kensington. A little later, an improvement in my hearing having been brought about by an operation, I was removed to Brighton as one of the assistants in the head office of the Locomotive Department, with Mr. John Atherton Molineaux, C.E., the Assistant Locomotive Superintendent, as my immediate chief—one of the cleverest, if not the cleverest, engineer, both theoretically and practically, I ever met. Attached to his office was a Marine Department, the Railway Company running two lines of steamers to France, and when orders were given for the construction of two twin-screw

steamers by a Deptford shipbuilding company, the reports on the stages of construction were prepared by myself. Iron twin-screw steamers in those days were quite a novelty, and the new departure aroused great interest all over the country.*

My work on the Thames brought me in contact with a remarkable cigar-shaped boat built for that wealthy American, Mr. W. Winans, and this was the primary cause of my going to Russia. There had been a misunderstanding between the constructor and the owner of this peculiar boat as to price, and I took an active part in measuring and surveying in the matter of arbitration, with a result satisfactory at least to one side. Messrs. Craven and Scott Russell were the arbitrators.

Not long afterwards, Mr. Winans came into Mr. Craven's office at London Bridge Station and said he wanted a young fellow from the Locomotive Department to go to Russia as an Assistant Locomotive Superintendent on the railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, his firm holding the contract for the maintenance and renewals of the rolling stock of that railway.

"Here is your man," said Mr. Craven, pointing to me, and there and then it was settled that I should go to Russia. It was a severe wrench to part with my many friends, both on the railway and in Sussex, but Mr. Craven, for whom I had the greatest respect, told me it was the chance of a lifetime.

My father particularly disliked the idea, because he had a prejudice, shared in those days by most Englishmen, against anything "Rooshian." Perhaps he was thinking of the fact that my eldest brother had served through the Crimean War, was present at the bombardments of Sebastopol and Odessa as an engineer of H.M.S. "Furious," and had returned in poor health. However, he ultimately gave way, the parting came, and I left England to make a career in Russia, at the age of 22 years.

* See for Notes of Trial Trip.

CHAPTER II.

BOUND FOR CRONSTADT.

IN the sixties, steamships running to the Baltic were built with more thought for cargo capacity than passenger accommodation, but Capt. Turner, of the good ship "Nautilus," of Hull, did his utmost to make us comfortable.

By "us," I mean Mr. Alexander Kincaid, from the Great Eastern Railway, son of a well-known Clyde shipbuilder, who was going to St. Petersburg to take up a similar appointment to mine, and a Mr. Davis, who was going out to take over the management of the Moscow Gasworks Offices. Kincaid was one of my first and best chums. Poor fellow, he died in South America in the prime of life.

Crossing the North Sea on a fine moonlight night is one thing, but crossing with a fierce sou'-wester blowing is quite another, especially when the engines have broken down. We had scarcely begun to feel our sea legs when the "Nautilus" suddenly stopped, to be tossed about anyhow. The captain held a council in the cabin, to which Kincaid and I were called.

It appears the North Sea abounds with jelly fish, and the surface water swarms with diatoms of this description, sometimes forming extensive floating banks, and the feed pumps of our engines had "fished" so successfully that their baskets were choke-full. The Captain, knowing we were engineers, asked us to help to clean out the pumps and pipes, and Kincaid and I

readily agreed. We went down to the engine room, assisted to make disconnections, clean out the pipes, etc., and in a few hours the "Nautilus" was full speed ahead.

The evening of the third day saw us through the Cattegat, to anchor off Copenhagen, much to the Captain's delight, who celebrated the assistance of the two young engineers in right good style. The following morning found the "Nautilus" fairly in the Baltic Sea, and we soon reached Cronstadt.

When Kincaid and I put our foot on the Cronstadt landing stage and looked around us we could not help feeling downcast. There is something dreadfully depressing to an Englishman on entering Russia for the first time. One feels lost in the immensity of the dominions of the great White Tsar, and depressed by the solemnity of everything and everybody. It was with a feeling of relief that we found ourselves in the English boarding house on the English quay, St. Petersburg, enjoying a chat with the good lady (a Miss Benson) who then kept the establishment.



CHAPTER III.

ST. PETERSBURG.

IF Russia depresses the new visitor, the city of St. Petersburg impresses him with its grandeur, the enormous area of its squares, its streets, and its great buildings being quite unlike anything we see in Old England.

Once a dismal swamp, St. Petersburg is now one of the finest cities in the world. A spacious square planted with trees encloses the Old Admiralty, with its lofty gilded spire. In the distance is the golden dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral, on the east side rises the huge and magnificent mass comprising the Winter Palace, the Hermitage Gallery of Art, etc., and to the west is Petroffskaid Square, where proudly aloft is the well-known equestrian statue of Peter the Great, on a pedestal formed from one immense block of granite brought from Finland.

The Cathedral of St. Isaac's is an almost cubic building, 330ft. by 290ft., and 310ft. high. It is surmounted by one large and lofty dome, and four smaller ones. The interior decorations are very rich, and amongst its treasures are pictures painted by the best representatives of Russian art who have lived during the last half century.

The Nevski Prospekt, one of the finest streets in the world, extends for three miles and a half, and has a width of 130 feet. For nearly two miles of its length it runs to the Moscow Railway Station, and then a slow bend takes it to the Alexander-Nevski Monastery.

Kincaid and I spent little time in sight-seeing, and the day following our arrival in St. Petersburg, we hired a drosky and drove to the Government Railway Works at Alexandroffsky, which is a suburb of the city. Here we met Mr. W. L. Winans, who, after giving us a hearty welcome, and introducing us to several of the officials, gave us our instructions.

Fate willed it that Kincaid should go to Malo Vishera, the second division of the Nicolai Railway, while I was destined to go to Bologoe, the third division, as Assistant Master Mechanic—the term used by Americans for Locomotive Superintendents.

Bologoe being the central division, there were a large number of locomotives stationed there and kept in repair. Among the introductions I had was one to Mr. Thomas Firth, the Locomotive Engineer of the St. Petersburg division. He was one of the few English Engineers in the employ of the firm, and from him and Mrs. Firth, Kincaid and I received much kindness.



CHAPTER IV.

THE NICOLAI RAILWAY.

IT was about midnight when I arrived at Bologoe to take up my duties. Kincaid and Davis had gone that morning to their respective destinations, and when I put foot on Bologoe soil I did not know a soul in the place.

Of course, I had letters of introduction ; but I was wondering where to make the next move when a gentleman in uniform approached me on the Station platform in the most genial manner. We conversed in French, and I gathered that my chief, Mr. Lambert, had not expected me until the following day. However, my new acquaintance directed, and sent someone with me to Mr. Lambert's house. In a few moments I heard the cheery English words of welcome, "Come in, come in," and experienced a hearty handshake from Mr. Lambert, who, with Mr. Pickersgill, the Chief Accountant, and the assistant whose place I had come to fill, were the only officials on this section of the Railway who did not belong to the country.

When the Emperor Nicholas decided on a railway from St. Petersburg to Moscow, he sent to America for the Civil Engineer, Locomotive Engineer, and Carriage and Wagon Engineer, and he subsequently adopted the American system of running, maintenance, and management. He was very keen on one thing, and that was to go "straight." In other words, he insisted that the line should be a straight one, stopping at no obstacles, and he absolutely refused to consider the question

whether a divergence of a few miles might not prove advantageous to any particular town or village.

Tradition says that the Emperor took a map, a ruler, and a pencil, and drawing a straight line across the country from St. Petersburg to Moscow, said: "There! that is my line; let it be made so." And made so it was, and it was called after him the Nicolai (Nicholas) Railway, and as such is known to this day.

Major Whistler became the Engineer, the locomotives were built by Messrs. Winans Bros., of Baltimore, and the rolling stock came from the works of Messrs. Harrison and Co., Philadelphia. It has been stated that Winans and Harrison came to Europe together, and on the way mutually agreed that, however the contracts worked out, they would become partners.

After the railway was completed and fully equipped, there came the question of the maintenance, the repairs, and renewals of the rolling stock. At that time there were no Russians who understood these things, and the result was that Messrs. Winans, Harrison and Winans contracted to do the work for a certain number of years. On the expiration of the first contract the Harrisons retired, and the second contract for the repairs and maintenance of the rolling stock, with which I was associated, was given to Messrs. Winans Bros. Their agreement was for so much per ton hauled, and so much per passenger carried, and owing to the great increase in the traffic after the railway system began to develop south of Moscow, the contract assumed remarkable proportions.

The story goes that when the Emperor Alexander II. was asked if any special work of art should be sent to the Paris Exhibition, his Imperial Majesty replied: "Yes, send a copy of Winans' contract!"

CHAPTER V.

LIFE IN THE INTERIOR OF RUSSIA.

BOLOGOE was a small village, resembling thousands of others scattered throughout the country, but being the central station of the Railway, it possessed considerable importance. The size of the works and locomotive running sheds astonished me, no less than the station, which was of a very ornate description. The Imperial rooms, at one end, were constantly kept in order, ready for any member of the Imperial Family who might be travelling, or on a shooting excursion in the neighbourhood.

Bologoe was deadly dull, save when the mail trains arrived about midnight. Then one saw a striking aspect of Russian life, namely, the dinners served in the large dining hall, to which all sorts and conditions of people, from Prince to peasant, sat down. These gatherings were like an oasis in the desert of Bologoe life.

I innocently inquired of Mr. Lambert as to the whereabouts of the towns, to which he replied, with a laugh, that he guessed that there was St. Petersburg on the one side, and Moscow on the other, both about the same distance from us—about 300 versts (Russian miles)—and we could not go to either without special leave.

For my guidance generally, Mr. Lambert introduced me to the leading officials, all of whom were Russians, and were under the control of the Ministry of Public Works at St. Peters-

burg. I was also introduced to the official I had met the previous evening, the Station Superintendent, and another with whom I was to come into active contact. He proved to be Mr. Rotenburg, Chief Superintendent of the service locomotives, with whom I got along very well from the start, although his knowledge of English was summed up in "How d'ye do," while at that time I had not learned the Russian language. There were awkward situations at first, but my experience gained with the running of locomotives on the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway helped me out of many difficulties.

The necessary question of lodgings having been settled, I determined to study the Russian language, which was not only of great value subsequently, but helped to while away many hours of a cheerless and lonely life in this remote Russian village.

With a knowledge of the language came an improvement in matters generally, and I was able to tramp with dog, gun, and line, as I had done as a lad in the old Sussex home as boy companion of Mr. Arthur Ottley, in charge of the game preserves on the Arundel Estates. My dog "Nep," half Newfoundland and half retriever, I had given me by my future brother-in-law before I left England. "Nep" became as well-known as myself in the district of Bologoe. My friend always, he died some years after in St. Petersburg, from old age.

There was a beautiful lake close to the Railway Station at Bologoe, and the old engineer in charge of the water station being a good fisherman, we soon became friendly, and together landed astonishing quantities of fish.

It was during my second winter in Bologoe that we were all excited on hearing of the approaching visit of the Emperor, to take part in a bear hunt which was being organised by one of the leading nobles residing in the Bologoe district.

In due course his Imperial Majesty arrived, accompanied by his eldest son, known as the "Naslednik" (Crown Prince) in Russia, and another son, the Grand Duke Vladimir.

I was invited to the hunt, and was enjoying the excitement when a message summoned me back to the station to prepare the train for the immediate return of the Imperial party to St. Petersburg. I had taken a turn round the train, and on reaching the platform steps came face to face with the Emperor Alexander II. I respectfully saluted his Majesty, and he smiled genially as he passed.

He was a tall, handsome man, and in his hunting dress, a tight-fitting dark grey jacket, faced with fur, and a pair of high boots, he looked every inch an Emperor. His son, the "Naslednik," soon followed him, and as they passed up the platform I noticed them glance back at me. Some inquiry was evidently made, for afterwards I was told that his Majesty had asked about "the Englishman," and expressed his pleasure at hearing that I was at the Bologoe Railway Works, and was so keen a sportsman.

Among the workmen in the Bologoe workshops was one Alexis Pemenoff. He seemed, without ever having served any apprenticeship, to have a constructive knowledge of machinery generally far above the ordinary run of workmen. He took a great liking to the locomotive, and studied it until he had mastered every detail. Although he had begun as an ordinary labourer, and was scarcely able to read or write, he became one of the leading mechanics. We enjoyed many a chat together, and Pemenoff would tell me that the coming of the railways was a gift from God to the Russians.

They were, he would say, all so poor, the land in North Russia was so impoverished, and the population was making so steadily for the south, where the climate was better and the conditions of life more attractive, that had not new industries been created on the Neva the industrial population of the surrounding districts would have disappeared, and North Russia would have become a desert, uninhabited save by the nomad people.

Pemenoff looked upon the locomotive as something nearly human, and when I had taught him to understand the eccentrics,

valve motion, expansion of steam, and how the locomotive was made to go backwards and forwards, he went well nigh wild with delight.

He was also something of a thinker, and he possessed decided views as to the condition of the people. When speaking of the peasantry and their poverty, he would say, "It is only those who drink who are absolutely poor. Drunkenness is becoming a dreadful curse amongst us. Why does not the Government give us good beer instead of this vile Skapidar?" (turpentine)—the name he gave the vodka sold to the peasantry.

There are many Pemenoffs in Russia, but they are unknown, and will remain so until that immense wall of officialdom known as the Tchinovnik class between the people and their Emperor opens out, and brings them face to face with the Little Father.

One day Pemenoff came in to me in quite an excited state. He had heard that I objected to one Ismailoff being allowed in the pay office, or anywhere in the vicinity whilst the men were being paid. He wanted to know if it was true, and when I told him it was, he appeared delighted.

"Tell the men," he said, "that you object to their borrowing money or buying cheap jewellery on account from him, and you will see a difference." I followed his advice, and the result was remarkable. Ismailoff rarely came again, the men were more contented and better dressed, and there was less drunkenness.

Pemenoff had strong opinions about the Jews, whom he regarded as little better than vultures, and he looked forward to the day when they would be driven out of the country.



CHAPTER VI.

HOW I GOT SOME SPORT.

TIME passed monotonously in Bologoe, varied only by occasional visits to Moscow or St. Petersburg, the coming and passing of the special Imperial trains, visits from our officials, and now and then a shooting or convivial party. Having been sent for one day by Mr. Lambert, he introduced me to Prince Putatin, the Russian nobleman who had arranged the bear hunt for the Emperor. He had called to ask one of us to look at a quantity of agricultural machinery he had purchased when in England, which from some cause or other had never been put to work. I was quite agreeable to go and look at it, more particularly as on the estate there was excellent preserved shooting, as well as bear and elk. I had done wolves, wild pig, and hare (not the English species, but a big white creature that taxes the sportsman's skill), and had got tired of duck, teal, widgeon and snipe, so that the prospect of big game was pleasing.

The following day accordingly found me at the dacha (Anglice, villa) of the Prince. This was situated on the other side of the lake I have mentioned, and consisted of a square centre block of two storeys, with wings on each side for domestic purposes, lodgings for retainers, etc. At the front of the house was a handsome portico, with a broad and easy flight of steps

leading to the road below, and straight down to the lake. The Prince received me kindly, and we inspected the machinery. I found it to be agricultural machinery of all kinds, and there was also a complete plant for a brewery! This required thinking over, and in a subsequent chat I had with the Prince, I told him I could arrange a water power to run the corn mills, oat crushers, chaff cutters, etc., but that a skilled brewer would be required for the brewery, either from Bavaria or England. I had some doubt as to the stream which ran into the lake holding out, but in the course of a few days my drawing was completed, and then no time was lost in setting to work. The shed was built, an undershot water-wheel erected, and the machinery put in order. Everything worked well, and the Prince was delighted. He inquired what he could do for me in return, and I at once answered that I should feel greatly obliged if I could get permission to shoot on his estates. This was promptly forthcoming, and a few days later brought me an invitation to a shooting party, and, when the season arrived, a bear hunt.

At a bear hunt in Russia, when arranged to order, it is the practice to locate Bruin some time before the hunt comes off. The shooting guests are then invited, and on the day fixed, are posted at short intervals to form a portion of a circle. A cordon of peasants is then drawn round the place where the bear is supposed to be, and the peasants gradually close up, yelling and shouting, firing crackers, and making a noise generally until the bear, thoroughly startled, breaks out and makes a bolt of it. The only place open to him is in the direction of the guns, and then, of course, he is received with a salute., Care, however, has to be exercised, for if Bruin is not seriously hit, he will make a mad charge at the nearest man. If severely wounded, his charge is met by a man placed conveniently near the sportsmen with a long pole fastened by a short piece of chain to a stake driven into the ground. At the end of the pole is a knife resembling a sword-bayonet. The wounded bear is received on this pole, and worries himself until exhausted.

I once saw the late Emperor Alexander III., when heir-apparent, shoot three times at a bear. On that occasion I was afraid he was too venturesome in stepping forward for the third shot, and was much relieved on seeing the bear roll over. A bear's grip is not a trifling matter, as a friend of mine who once lived in St. Petersburg could testify. He had very little scalp left as the result of too close an acquaintance with Mr. Bruin on one occasion.



CHAPTER VII.

NEW DUTIES.

SUMMER brought the usual inspection of rolling stock, and about this time, towards the end of my second year in Bologoe, a new duty was instituted, this being a periodical ride over the division to inspect the permanent way, and note bad rails and sleepers. The traffic had greatly increased, and as the renewals of the permanent way had not been maintained pro rata, weary and acrimonious discussion followed, fraught with a good deal of unpleasantness. One side insisted that the rolling stock was wearing down, whilst the other maintained that it was the permanent way which caused all the trouble. As a matter of fact, owing to the increase of the railways and mileage below Moscow, the traffic over the Nicolai Railway was increasing by leaps and bounds, and the Russians were beginning to wake up and understand, as their Emperor had long since done, the immensity of Winan's contract.

This famous contract, on its original basis, was a splendid thing at ten trains per day, but we were running between twenty and thirty, with a steady increase going on, so much so that more locomotives and rolling stock were required. These Messrs. Winans agreed to construct at St. Petersburg at what one might call good prices, and at the Government works. The result was

that with the staff required for this large increase of new work, the repairs and renewals became a positive credit item. This continued until the Government could no longer stand the pressure of public criticism; and there are critics even at St. Petersburg. Rumours came down the line that the Government intended buying out the contractors. This put us on the qui vive as to what would happen to Winans' officials; therefore, I wrote to a friend of mine in London (the late Mr. Jervoise Smith, of No. 1, Lombard Street), and before the Government had arranged terms with Winans Bros., I had left to take up a new appointment as Assistant Locomotive Superintendent of the Dunaburg Witepsk Railway (an English company), to reside at Dunaburg, West Russia.





MR. JERVOISE SMITH.

CHAPTER VIII.

IMPRESSIONS OF DUNABURG.

I LEFT Bologoe early in June, 1869, if I may say it, right glad to get away. It was a miserable and lonely place, and I could never feel sufficiently settled there to make it my home, a thing I intended to do in the first pleasant place I could find.

After calling upon Messrs. Winans Brothers in St. Petersburg to thank them for their kindriess to me, and to be very handsomely thanked by them in return for my services, I decided to go by water to Riga, enjoying a short holiday on the way before taking up my appointment at Dunaburg, so accordingly bidding "Good-bye" to my friends in St. Petersburg and with old "Nep" by my side, I started off in a small coasting boat.

It was in the month of June, when there is very little night in the Baltic and the weather most enjoyable, that I landed at Revel, did a little fishing at the Aland Islands, and stayed at Aland for a week, having what the Yankees term "a good time." The inhabitants of Aland, both male and female, wear long hair with plaits, are of Swedish origin, skilful sailors and fishermen, and very hospitable, the cost of living being exceptionally cheap. Reval, or Revel, stands in a small bay on the south side of the Gulf of Finland, nearly opposite Helsingfors, and is the capital of Esthonia. The town is divided into two parts, upper and lower. The former contains the Cathedral, Castle, and the Governor's residence, and there is an important museum with valuable archives. Reval was taken from the Swedes by Peter the Great, and annexed to the great Russian Empire in

1710. It is a town which has advanced rapidly of late years as a port with railway convenience. The Aland Islands are at the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia, and formerly belonged to Sweden. They were taken possession of by the Russians in 1809.

By the next coaster that passed I found my way to Bolderaia, at the mouth of the River Dwina, a short distance from Riga, which town was reached the following day. I put up at the Goldene Corne Hotel, and was not long in finding Mr. Norman, to whom I had a letter of introduction which gained me his ciceronage for an inspection of Riga.

Riga, the capital of Livonia, the third seaport of Russia, coming next after St. Petersburg and Odessa, is a very charming town, situated on the Dwina, the new part of the city being especially imposing, and laid out to the greatest advantage in broad streets and handsome buildings. Its population has grown from 100,000 inhabitants in 1867, to 200,000 in 1890. Nearly one half of these are Germans, whilst the remaining half is about equally divided between Russians, Letts, or Esthonians, and Livonians. It belonged to Poland in 1561, and in 1621 was taken by Gustavus Adolphus, Sweden retaining possession until 1710, when it was finally annexed to Russia.

In the morning, under the guidance of Mr. Norman, I called at the offices of the Dunaburg Witepsk Railway, and was there, through the courtesy of Mr. Stavenhagen, the Secretary, introduced to the Directors, and furnished with a letter to the General Manager at Dunaburg with a request to report myself to him in a day or two, they in the meantime advising him of my coming.

Never shall I forget my first glimpse of Dunaburg. It was a bright summer morning, and as the train drew into the station the sunshine threw everything in full relief. There had been a smart rainfall the day before, and of all the dirty, miserable places it has ever been my lot to see, the neighbourhood of the Dunaburg Railway Station was about the worst! Mire and grime were everywhere; and to make matters worse, knowing

the time of the arrival of the trains, the authorities were in the habit of allowing the poor Jews, the lame, the halt, the blind, the lepers, the deformed, those suffering from elephantus, etc., to throng outside the Railway Station on the chance of obtaining a few stray coppers from the passengers. It was dreadful, and I began to feel that I had made a mistake in leaving Bologoe. An examination of the town did not improve matters. The streets were unpaved, in the middle of them were suspicious-looking pools filled with soil and green fever matter. I tried the best "hotel" for lodgings. The landlord was a Jew, and I was at once surrounded by a crowd of the same race.

I tried to shake myself clear of the crowd, but there the poor creatures were, hanging about on all sides in their long greasy coats and skull caps, under which the hair was cut short on the crown of the head, and long, curling locks hung down on each side of the face, giving the wearer a most weird and cunning expression. The precincts of the hotel absolutely stank, and that worst of all odours to me, the smell of garlic, permeated everything.

How to get out of it and away I scarcely knew, but I think old "Nep," my dog, saved the situation. The Jews are not at any time very partial to dogs, and my old friend was in the pink of condition. There was a scattering when he commenced to move around, and I, taking advantage of the opening made, soon found myself once more in the roadway. We wandered on, feeling sure we should strike the Dwina presently, and in a short time found ourselves on the "Chaussee," the main road from St. Petersburg to Warsaw, near the fortifications on the north bank of the river. Here matters improved somewhat, but I had not been long enjoying the fresh air before I was challenged by an officer. I told him who I was, that I had just arrived by train, and had been in the town, but had climbed the slope in the hope of obtaining a mouthful of fresh air.

"It is something dreadful down there," said I, pointing to

the town. He laughed and replied, "Ah, well! we shall be rid of them one of these days."

"But how? I don't think it possible. Who on earth would have them?"

"Well, we shall see. But it is the same everywhere in this province. Jews! Jews! they monopolise all business, and check trade and enterprise, for they will not trade with us, and they live in the filthy, loathsome way in which you see them yonder. Can you wonder that disease is spread, that death stalks abroad, and can hardly be checked?"

"It is, of course, difficult for me to grasp the position of affairs," I replied. "I have been looking forward to coming here and settling down to my appointment on the Railway, which can be made a permanent one if I like; but it surely cannot be all like this?"

"All like this," he cried. "Yes, it is all like this, all the way to Witepsk, only, if possible, ten times worse!"

At my request he directed me to the Railway works, and I was soon receiving a very hearty welcome from the two English foremen, Messrs. Evans and Burns. The wife of the former was a good soul from Sweden, and she soon put me on better terms with myself and human nature, her magic wand producing a good breakfast, to which I was ready to do more than justice.

Shortly after, I met Mr. Carlisle, the General Manager and Chief Engineer, accompanied by Mr. Ilse, my chief. I presented my letters of introduction, and we were soon on the happiest terms. I then found that a Mr. Furness had recently resigned the appointment of Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent, and had gone home. Mr. Ilse, his assistant, had been promoted to fill the vacancy, whilst I was to take the place vacated by Mr. Ilse. A few months after this I returned to England for a short holiday, but as I could not think of Dunaburg as a permanent residence I regarded my appointment as merely temporary, therefore, certain arrangements I was very anxious to make were postponed.

CHAPTER IX.

A VISIT TO GERMANY.

I RETURNED to England overland via Berlin, Hanover, and Brussels, to Ostend and Dover, and as I was travelling with railway free passes, had a good opportunity of seeing something of these places. The ride from Dunaburg to the Prussian frontier possesses just the same level uninteresting features as a railway journey through any part of Russia, but soon after crossing the frontier at Eydkuhnen a great change takes place. Better cultivation becomes visible, and a happier, healthier, appearance presents itself in everything—better houses, better cattle, better pastures, people well cared for, and more prosperous surroundings generally.

Berlin, the then capital of Prussia, and now of the whole German Empire, did not strike me as a pleasant place, but rather flat and uninteresting. The city is built upon a sandy plain, and is divided into two parts by the Spree, a small and sluggish river. Berlin has advanced at an extraordinary rate as regards population, for in 1871 it contained 826,341 inhabitants, whilst in 1885 it numbered 1,315,287 souls, the city covering at this time an area of 15,500 acres, with a circumference of 29 miles.

What strikes one so forcibly in this capital of the great German Confederation is the militarism of everything. There are soldiers everywhere; even hotel waiters, the shoeblacks, the

street cleaners, all go about their several occupations in a manner that suggests military discipline, with courts-martial hovering in the background.

The city contains a large number of very fine buildings. In the centre is the Royal Palace, with its nearly 700 apartments, including the famous Weisser Saal and Palace Chapel. Near this are other Palaces, Guard-house, Opera House, Arsenal, Royal Theatre, and University. These are all situated between the Spree and the east end of the street known as Under Den Linden (so called from its double row of lime trees), which is one of the finest streets in Europe, in length about one mile. Berlin is adorned throughout with numerous statues of national heroes, the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great being the most remarkable.

As is well-known, the Germans, and more particularly the Prussians and Bavarians, are very fond of beer. In Berlin alone over 47,000,000 gallons were brewed in 1883-1884, the malt tax for the same period amounting to nearly £100,000.

What strikes the stranger, when strolling in Berlin, is the immense number of small carts, drawn by dogs of all colours and size. They are generally yoked to assist in drawing small hand-carts, the proprietor pushing the vehicle at the same time. Market produce is brought in this way from the suburbs, and also much of the light transport about the city is worked in the same manner.

My next stop was at Hanover, formerly the capital of the kingdom of that name; now chief town of the Province. It is a very old city of narrow streets and ancient buildings, but the part built to the north-east of the old portion is handsome and modern. The most interesting buildings are the Town Hall, founded in 1439, the Palace of King Ernest Augustus, the Castle Church, in which are preserved the ancient relics brought from Palestine in 1172 by Henry the Lion. The railway station is, perhaps, the finest in Germany, and since Hanover became a centre of the North German Railway system, its manufactures

have greatly increased in importance. The population in 1871 was 87,641; in 1885 it was 139,756.

After leaving Hanover, the next important stop is made at Koln, or Cologne, and here I had ample time to see the sights of the town. The railway crosses the Rhine, just before entering the town, by a fine bridge 1,362 feet in length, built both for railway and vehicular traffic, and one can see from the elevated position of this bridge, the importance of Cologne as a fortress of the first rank. The old streets are mostly narrow and crooked, but the new portion, built on the ground formerly occupied by the old fortifications, can boast of some well laid-out streets and fine buildings.

The chief object of interest is the Cathedral, one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. It is said to have been commenced in 814, A.D., and since that period, at intervals of centuries, additions have been made until the twin-spires were finished in 1880, and the completion celebrated before the Emperor William I. Cologne has extensive and important railway connections, and its situation generally is favourable to commerce. In 1886, 4,859 craft entered, and 3,190 cleared, the port of Cologne!

One or two amusing incidents occurred during the journey, the first happening between Berlin and Hanover. When I entered the train at Berlin I found, in the same compartment, a military officer of high rank, and seeing my portmanteau, wraps, and luncheon basket, he made a disagreeable remark to the station attendant upon Englishmen in general, which he had good cause to remember a little later.

We had scarcely left Berlin, when the train ran into a heavy snow-storm, with that fierce north-easterly wind which chills one to the marrow. The inevitable followed; we were snowed up between stations, and informed by the guard that we should have to remain where we were until morning, or until the blizzard ceased, an announcement my travelling companion received with anything but pleasure, making, however, the best of things in

one corner of the coupe with the collar of his regimental great-coat turned up. I was fairly comfortable in my corner enjoying a smoke. Later on, I challenged my luncheon basket, sampled another cigar, and dropped off to sleep. In the morning the blizzard was still raging, and we had very little apparent chance of getting on. Still, we were encouraged by a message from the next station informing us that assistance was ready, and would be despatched as soon as the weather moderated.

Feeling hungry, I again challenged the luncheon basket, and was having a snack to take the keen edge off my appetite when I looked across at my travelling companion. He appeared to be in the same unfriendly mood, but I could not resist asking him if he would join me. He was up in a moment. "Donner wetter!" he said, "Won't I?" and a glass of schnapps disappeared in a twinkling, then another, then some *pate de foie gras*. "Donner wetter," he said again, "I thank you; I was so cold."

I then told him that I had overheard what he remarked to the station attendant at Berlin relative to Englishmen. "Ach," he said, "Ten thousand pardons! I will never say the same again after this. If I see a thousand of your countrymen with their baggage piled mountains high, I will think of this journey and of you." Another glass of schnapps apiece, and an exchange of cigars soon put us on friendly terms, and when I made him free of my luncheon basket, which was happily built for two, he opened out, and told me what his feelings had been, and how he was on the high road to offering me money for something to satisfy his cravings. I told him I could scarcely see his face owing to the high collar of his military coat, and did not quite know how to act. "Ach!" he said, "We are too stiff and formal. You English and Americans, you travel about the world with more freedom and much less trouble about appearances. We don't like taking luggage into our first-class carriages."

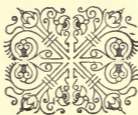
Our train had by this time got clear of the snow, and we were bowling along at top speed towards Hanover. My companion was very pleasant, and laughed heartily over the

remembrance of the first supper which I ate without inviting him to join in. "It served me right for my churlishness," said he. "And now, which way are you going?"

"Via Cologne, Brussels, and Ostend, but at Hanover I must get my passes renewed," I replied.

"Oh, well," said he, "that will give you time to see the town, and if you will permit me, I will send you a cicerone."

I was surprised to find later that my travelling companion was of very high rank in the German military service. When the time came for saying "Adieu" we parted on the best of terms with mutual good wishes.



CHAPTER X.

A ROUGH VOYAGE.

A BRIEF visit to my old home in Sussex over, I decided to return to Russia by boat from Hull to Hamburg, thence by train across the German frontier into Russia. The boat in which I booked my passage from Hull was a cargo steamer. That was in the days of deck cargoes, and we had on deck several agricultural threshing machines and engines, lashed firmly together. It was very dirty weather outside, and gradually became worse as we forged ahead with our bows pointed towards Hamburg, on the other side of the North Sea. The Captain prophesied a rough night, with perhaps a continuation of the same kind of weather for the whole trip, as the glass had a tendency to remain nowhere in particular. Not being tired, I remained on deck to watch the storm, the Captain granting me the freedom of the bridge. For more than 36 hours, with the exception of the time taken to snatch a chance cup of coffee and some biscuits, we remained there.

It was a wild night, and the old ship rolled and groaned as if in the throes of pain and trouble. Everything was made fast, and the hatches and companion-ways were close battened down to prevent the seas as they came aboard doing any material damage, or flooding us out. And so we kept our way, trusting to the stability of our engines to pull us through and make the Elbe. My enquiry as to what would happen should the engines give out elicited from the Captain the consoling reply that the

old boat might turn "turtle," and as the engines were not doing quite as well as they might, he feared something might go wrong.

Things did not improve, the rolling seemed to increase moment by moment, and at last the Captain decided that the deck cargo must go, to ease the ship. The lashings were cut, and away went one threshing machine after another. Then the portable engines were cast adrift, and away they went, taking a good slice out of the bulwarks as they made their plunge into the sea. There was some valuable live stock on deck, for export. The poor creatures were being continually drenched, until one by one they followed the machinery, and the decks were clean swept fore and aft. During all this time the Captain and I had stuck to our positions on the bridge. He suddenly turned to me and enquired whether I could swim. My reply being in the affirmative, he told me to look out and keep a life belt handy, as, although he thought we should make it all right, still, in the face of the gale we were experiencing, the mouth of the Elbe was a very ticklish bit of navigation, and as things were, it might be touch and go!

There were some Hungarians on board, on a return voyage from America, and the instructions they received from the Captain were identical with mine, so that we were all ready for any emergency. Our skipper was as cool as the proverbial cucumber, and seemed to know his exact bearings; the old ship was rattled along for all she was worth, and whether it was a lull in the storm or the excellent seamanship displayed, we made, under God's mercy, the entrance to the Elbe, and were in a very short time in smooth water. If my memory serves me aright, I was the only first-class passenger, and the dinner the Captain and I enjoyed down in the saloon that evening was one to be held in remembrance.

CHAPTER XI.

WORK IN DUNABURG.

HAVING viewed Hamburg's most interesting features, a start was made for the return journey to Dunaburg, taking the same route traversed in coming from Russia. Somehow, I never fancied a long stay at Dunaburg. The surroundings and the service were so unpleasant. The semi-military organization of the Nicolai Railway unfitted me for the work on the Dunaburg-Witepsk system, which was a short feeder to the Riga line, connected with railways from Central Russia. My relations with my superior officer, Mr. Ilse, were at all times good, but the nationality question, bickerings relative to which were encouraged by an individual who shall be nameless, made matters at times extremely unpleasant. First it was the German language, then Russian, then English, until most of us were heartily sick of things, and to make matters worse, the general offices at Riga were too far away to make complaints of any avail, or redress possible. At this time, I also knew that the Russian Government contemplated beginning the manufacture of their own railway rolling stock, subsidising various works in Russia, so all things considered, I thought it wise to look out, hoping to obtain an appointment which would enable me to assist in this work.

An amusing incident occurred about this time, which will help one to understand the language and nationality difficulty. Many of the engine-drivers and stationmasters were Germans, and could not speak Russian. One day, the Grand Duke

Michael Nicolavietch, Governor-General of the Caucasus, came up from South Russia, over the Dunaburg-Witepsk Railway. When travelling, he used to be fond of standing on the rear platform of the carriage, inspecting the country and conversing with anyone he could find. I think it was the guard, a German, who first annoyed him because when spoken to he did not—because he could not—answer, not being sufficiently conversant with the Russian tongue. Anyway, the Grand Duke, who always dressed whenever I saw him like a Circassian chief, and looked every inch the nobleman and gentleman he was, in passing through one of the stations, put a question to the Stationmaster, using the language spoken by the subjects of the “Little Father.” Whether the Stationmaster knew by whom he had been addressed, I cannot say. The chances are that he did not realise it was the Grand Duke questioning him. At any rate, his reply consisted of the single monosyllable, “Waas,” which in German might stand for “What is it?” or “What do you want?” no attempt being made at saluting. This was enough for the Grand Duke who, in a couple of strides, reached his carriage. It is scarcely necessary to state that shortly after a ukase was issued insisting that all the Stationmasters on the Dunaburg-Witepsk Railway should speak Russian. I have never yet understood how an English company, formed with English capital, could have been so short-sighted as to allow the German language to be the official language for the administration of their railway; but, perhaps, it was owing to the influence of the individual whom I have already mentioned. However, it was none of my business; although I saw a fine opening for English capital and extensive railway enterprise in Russia frittered away. Dunaburg could have become a second Manchester or Birmingham under proper guidance. The Russians are very partial to Englishmen.

CHAPTER XII.

A POLISH WEDDING.

DURING the year I was at Dunaburg, I found quarters near the Railway Works in a block of buildings, which eventually, it was hoped, might be made the principal offices of the Railway Company. They were the property of a Polish nobleman, with whom I soon became quite friendly. Count Ladislaus was a man of high birth, a Pole of Poles, and, through his family and his wife's, was connected with many of the leading families in Russia and Poland. In his younger days (and it was said that this had saved his life, he having been suspected of a share in the last Polish revolt), he was Colonel of the Hussar Regiment of the Russian Imperial Guard, was personally favourably known to the Emperor, and had served with distinction in the Caucasus, having been wounded in one of the campaigns, and this had necessitated his retirement from active service.

The interest he was alleged to have taken in the revolt caused him to be deprived of his honours. At the same time, he was ordered to his estates near Dunaburg, with permission to reside only on the south side of the Dwina. Later on, he and his family occupied the first floor in the block I have mentioned, in which my rooms were situated on the ground floor. He was hospitality personified (the Poles are noted for this), and I used to spend delightful evenings with the family. If ever I felt any hesitancy about going upstairs, fearing that I might

be intruding, he would come to fetch "his Englishman," as he called me, close my book, turn out my lamp, and insist on my going with him to join his family at supper. or, as he would say, "A turnip and black bread, with a little salt; that is all I am allowed by the ——," then, with a significant gesture, his thumb would point North. It was this friendly intercourse which perfected my knowledge of the French language, and laid a good foundation of German.

I once asked my friend why the place was so infested with Jews, and why he himself transacted his business through a Jew Commissioner. He replied: "There was once a certain King of Poland who fell in love with a Jewess, and when she came she brought all her relatives with her. *Voila tout!*" And then he would say, "But she, or the King, thereby ruined my country. I am obliged to employ Abram the Jew, in the first place because I have known him all my life, and secondly, because there are none of my own people left. My country, my friend, is a desert, and only fit for Jews, because they have made it so!" (pointing North).

About this time I had an invitation, through the Count, to a Polish wedding between a distant relative and one of his nieces. I obtained leave of absence, and attended the festivities. I had not far to go. A railway journey of some two or three stations from Dunaburg, on the main line to Warsaw, and then a couple of hours' drive, brought me to my destination. The prospective bridegroom I had already met at Dunaburg. He was a wealthy landed proprietor with possessions at Riga and elsewhere, a villa on the Mediterranean, and being in high favour with the authorities, was therefore well able to exercise hospitality.

I had not been long in my room before in rushed my friend's brother (who was my companion there), with half-a-dozen other fellows, to welcome "the Englishman." Then I was inundated with questions. Could I ride? Could I shoot? Could I dance? Did I know any games? To all of which my reply came in the one word "Yes!" Then, with clasped hands all round I was proclaimed a brother—one of the Brethren of the Revels. The

proposal for my baptism and initiation was carried with acclamation. An order in Polish was given, and champagne appeared as if by magic. Then came a pleasant evening, including a dinner and a dance.

The prospective bridegroom lived some fifteen miles away, and we were to adjourn to his place for breakfast the following day. The wedding was to take place in about three days' time, and the nuptial knot was to be tied in the chateau in which we were all assembled. My friend, after giving me this information, looked across at me, and laughingly said, "Whatever you do you must be sure and make up your mind to have a good time, at least for a fortnight." "A fortnight!" I exclaimed. "Oui, mon ami, a month, if you like." Well, thought I, this is something like a wedding, and, as the Yankees say, "I will see it through."

The next morning we were to fetch the bridegroom, which meant a journey of 30 miles on horseback there and back, and no time was lost in preparing for a start. Fortunately, I had brought riding boots and a tight-fitting jacket with me, and was soon ready to negotiate my mount, a very fine animal. We mustered about twenty strong, and after a display of horsemanship in front of the mansion for the benefit of the ladies, who were giving us a send-off from the saloon windows upstairs, we broke away. The fun was immense. Everyone was bent on enjoying himself, and all were full of that happy camaraderie which makes such excursions go pleasantly.

There are few roads in Livonia, and we just had to make the best of things. And so we did, pulling up at the Chateau in grand style, the bridegroom meeting us in the portico and giving us a hearty welcome.

We were ushered into the chateau, and soon found ourselves at breakfast. And what a breakfast! The tables literally groaned under the good things. Wines, liqueurs, and viands of every description were set around the room. What an amount of toasting, of fraternising and health-drinking took place! The scene, to me, was very amusing, and to end it all "the English-

man" had to propose a toast, which was received with acclamation. Presently we moved outside, and then the bridegroom appeared, clad in the old Polish national costume, and superbly mounted. We all made a rush for our horses, and the wild race began. It was a long chase and a stern chase, but the bridegroom held his own, and was off his horse and with his bride, who was waiting in the porch of the mansion, before some of us arrived on the scene. Then the shouting, the cheering, the salutes! "Graf K" will, I think, ever remember that welcome.

The marriage, celebrated according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, passed off with eclat. Then came a grand banquet and ball. High spirits were the order of the day until the time for leave-taking came. Then, as we passed into the night to wish "God-speed" to the newly-wedded pair, what a sight met our eyes! A large crowd had gathered outside the mansion, and had been hospitably treated. Some half-a-dozen of the young fellows, superbly mounted, formed up around a three-horse barouche as an escort of honour, torches were lit, fireworks let off, and amidst the glare and blaze the Graf and his bride took their seats, the whips cracked, and the happy pair drove away, followed by the blessings of their people, en route for their chateau. It was a princely send-off, but, as my friend in his philosophical way told me a little while after, the glories of their race had departed. "In the old days," said he, "the way from here to the chateau would have been one blaze of fire." I heard it said, later on, that it was an ancestor of this young Graf who had laid a road of salt, two miles in length, so as to resemble snow, when he entertained the great Catherine, the Empress of the North.

I will not weary the reader with a description of the sport and the conviviality I enjoyed during the remainder of my visit at the mansion. It was the red letter week of my life, and I shall never forget the kindness, the hospitality, the mirth and jollity surrounding those wedding festivities. The time came for me to return to Dunaburg, where, of course, I had much to tell my friend the Count.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNDER A BAN.

NOT long after my return to Dunaburg, the Count's brother, the friend mentioned in the previous chapter, came and stayed a few days, when he told me how he had fallen under the ban of the Third Section Police. I could not clearly understand the matter then ; but I have learned since, from the treatment I myself have received at the hands of the Agents of our own, the English Foreign Office, that there is an equivalent to the Third Section Police in other countries besides Russia, and doubtless would be just as objectionable but for the power of the Press.

In the most earnest manner, my friend assured me that he had taken no part whatever in the attempt at revolution in the sixties. Someone had, doubtless, circulated the story that he had, then his past was looked up, and it was found that in his student days at Warsaw, he had taken part with his fellow students in some political demonstration. That was sufficient, as times went then, with General ——— at the head of affairs. "In Livonia," said the Count to me, "my estates were confiscated. I am only permitted to reside in certain districts, I have been deprived of my civil rights, and cannot go and come as I please, and God knows how and when it will end. All this because a boyish prank of years ago has been raked up against me by some scoundrel who could not be traced. The worst of it is there is no appeal. We, even with influential family connections in high

places at St. Petersburg, can obtain no hearing, and so we go on year after year. My one desire now is to leave the country and go to America, but the authorities won't even allow me to do that." I heard later that my unfortunate friend had his wish as regarded leaving the country, permission having doubtless been obtained through influence at St. Petersburg.

But what about those who have no influence at St. Petersburg? What about Siberia, the mines, the knout, and all the dreadful associations that surround the thousands of poor creatures whose position in life is lowly, and are unknown and unthought of? Some day, please God, the big wall between the people and the Little Father will fall with a thundering crash, and then Russia will be a happier, a greater, and a nobler country.



CHAPTER XIV.

A MOVE TO ST. PETERSBURG.

EVERYTHING comes to an end, and a chance meeting with a representative of a Manchester firm of locomotive builders, who had secured an important order for Russia, brought me the news that the Government had decided to commence building locomotives, and that the Baltic Ironworks on the Neva had been subsidised to make a start. Here was my opportunity, and no time was lost in making an application to headquarters. The result was an interview with the leading officials at St. Petersburg, and my appointment was there and then confirmed as Chief Engineer-in-Charge for the construction of locomotives at the Baltic Ironworks, the property of Messrs. Carr and Macpherson practically, but heavily mortgaged to, and under the control of the Russian Government.

Apart from the new business of locomotive building, the Baltic Ironworks were a very large concern. Several of the finest ironclads in the Russian Navy were built, engined and boilered at these works. The rolling mills for the manufacture of iron plates, bars, and angle iron, were the largest in Russia in those days, and thus I had every opportunity of studying and gaining experience in these branches of engineering, which I found most useful later on. Although I was not sorry to leave Dunaburg, it is due to my friends there to say that I was the recipient, on leaving, of very hearty congratulations on my new appointment, while the directors of the railway gave me a very flattering testimonial.



ALDERMAN ROBERT GARWOOD.

I was soon at congenial work in St. Petersburg, where I found good friends in the English Colony, including Mr. Pickersgill, who, by a singular turn of events, was Chief Clerk at the Baltic Ironworks, after having been Chief Controller for Messrs. Winans at my former station at Bologoe, on the Nicolai Railway.

Ere long, a certain arrangement, which to this day has been the one event of my life, was brought about. There was a young lady in England with whom I had been on affectionate terms since my youthful days, and feeling an Englishman's desire to "settle down," I wrote my father in the old Sussex home, pointing out that in St. Petersburg my appointment appeared to have a permanency, and suggesting a certain course of action. This led to a family understanding, and in a little while I had the pleasure of meeting my father, the young lady, and her father, in St. Petersburg, where, on a certain day, a happy ceremony took place at the Embassy Church. My father—or rather I should say, our fathers—spent a week or two in Russia, and then left us happily settled down amongst friends in St. Petersburg. It was the last time I saw my father, but I have the satisfaction of knowing that he died revered by all who knew him. He was twice Mayor of Arundel, in Sussex, and he was buried at Arundel Parish Church with municipal honours. An eloquent testimony to his worth appeared in the "West Sussex Gazette" of August 6th, 1873.



CHAPTER XV.

IN AND OUT OF HARNESS.

MY work at the Baltic Ironworks made steady and rapid progress, and we were beginning to construct, when an ominous rumour was circulated to the effect that the Government had decided to withdraw their support and close the works, the excuse being the death of Mr. Carr (the senior partner), the want of progress in the construction of the battleship "Duke of Edinburgh," and other matters. A little later, the Government took over the entire premises, and decided to complete the work in progress themselves, so far as the Marine Department was concerned. The political atmosphere was cloudy at the time, and probably this had something to do with the change. However, one morning I was sent for and instructed to close my department, and in a few days the works were closed, except that portion which had to do with the battleship. The material prepared for locomotives was purchased by Messrs. Struve Bros., of Moscow. This, however, was of little consequence, as I was soon in active railway service again, and on my way to Veronege, in South East Russia, to take up an appointment on the Veronege-Rostoff Railway, under my friend, Mr. Peter Firth, the Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent of this line, and formerly with Messrs. Winans Brothers on the Nicolai Railway.

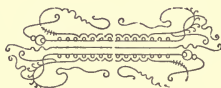
Veronege was over a thousand versts from St. Petersburg, and, having made my journey, I called on Mr. Firth, who at once introduced me to the General Manager of the line, Colonel Drury,

a Russian Engineer Officer. I was informed that I had to take over the locomotive depôt, running sheds and workshops, at a place called Gluboki. This Mr. Firth pleasantly informed me was "a hundred miles from anywhere," and that the buildings consisted of the station, the engine sheds and the workshops. As to the work, he said the locomotives were all to pieces, and if I had not brought drivers to drive them, and workmen to put them in order, I should have to make them out of the Cossacks I should find there. A pleasant prospect, truly ! However, with feelings of thankfulness that my wife was safe and comfortable in St. Petersburg for that winter, I promptly faced the task I had on hand. Two box trucks were fitted up for me at my request, one to serve as a stores, and one as a breakdown van and dwelling place, etc. Although I was told there would be rooms at the station which would be reserved for me, I decided to utilise half of one of the box trucks. A camp bedstead, a stove, with mattress, pillows and blankets, a sheepskin jacket or two, and caps à la Russe, were my stock-in-trade.

In due course I reached Gluboki, the literal translation of which, from the Russian, is "deep hole." It was ! All there was to be seen when the line was clear were two lines of rails running from north to south as far as the eye could reach. For scenery, there was nothing but snow, an unlimited expanse of flat, white country, with never a house, a tree, a bird, or bit of life of any description. Of the many little preliminary difficulties I had to encounter I will not write, but after seeing to the erection of a sort of barracks for the workmen, and packing off some of the useless encumbrances in the shape of peasants who were hanging about the workshops, I wired to an old assistant of mine on the Nicolai Railway to send me half a dozen good fitters. The Divisional Engineer of the line came to see me, and rendered me every possible assistance in effecting necessary reform. He dubbed me "Alfred Romanovitch," which literally meant, Alfred, the son of Robert, and which became my cognomen, after the manner of the country.

With the arrival of several good men from my old station at Bologoe, including Alexander Strailieff, a splendid fellow, who became my foreman and very good friend, matters progressed rapidly, and by the time mid-winter arrived, we were fairly comfortably settled. Winter in a place like Gluboki is no joke. The blizzard lasts for days, and comes with great force. Drifts are formed, blocks on the line occur, and, after a lull has enabled you to get the line clear, the storms come on again with renewed violence. I managed to fit some of the locomotives with snow-ploughs, and they were invaluable. Like the barracks I erected for the men, they were generally adopted on the main trunk lines of Russia. During the very intense cold that winter at Gluboki, the thermometer refused to register on several occasions.

It may be interesting to describe the Russian plan of dealing with snowdrifts. They dig out the snow in huge cubes, with wooden shovels having blades about 18 in. square. Blocks are built up like walls, at exposed places on the railway, to catch the drifting snow that comes later. Another and also effective arrangement for preventing heavy snow drifts across the railway or in the cuttings is to fix light wattles of timber in the snow where drifts are likely to form. As the snow forms up and increases in height, the wattles are taken out and fixed in again on the higher level. I have seen drifts from fifteen to twenty feet high held in check in this way. Years after, on a suggestion I made when in the Egyptian Government Railway service, to protect the Suez line from sand drifts, this arrangement was tried with much success.



CHAPTER XVI.

THE COSSACK RACE.

IN course of time, I had instructions to proceed further south to Novi-Tcherkash, to reorganise the locomotive and carriage departments on that division. Novi-Tcherkash, on the Don, is the capital town of the Don Cossack country, and the headquarters of the Cossacks. It was about 150 miles further down the line towards the sea of Azoff. My instructions were to take over the locomotive service and reorganise it, together with the rolling stock of the old military railway between Novi-Tcherkash and Rostoff, and to amalgamate the same with the new railway to be known in future as the Veronege-Rostoff main line through East Russia to Taganrog and the sea of Azoff.

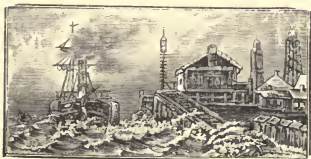
I found Novi-Tcherkash a pretty and clean town, and received much courtesy from the Cossacks, who were as polite as any Frenchmen could be. They were all soldiers, even to the drivers and firemen, and were ready to be called upon for active service at any moment. The Station Superintendent, a fine young Cossack, named Morozoff, and I, afterwards became good friends, and he backed me up well at a joint interview we had on one occasion with Mons. B——, the Engineer of the military railway, who was strongly opposed to the amalgamation of the military and the new railway service.

Morozoff also enlightened me as to the meaning of the term "Ataman," which leads me to describe briefly the Cossack race. The Cossacks are without doubt descendants of the sons of ancient Gaul, and ages ago must have wandered across Europe from the southern slopes of sunny France. To-day, they are a mixed Slavonic race, owing to the settlers who have mingled with the Tartar and Circassian tribes in the Ukraine and on the lower Don, and to have given the new race first heard of as Cossacks in the 10th century a predominantly Russian character. The numbers of the Cossacks were also recruited from time to time by fugitives from Poland, Hungary, Wallachia, and elsewhere, during the wars of Poland, Sweden, and Russia. The Kings of Poland and Czars of Muscovy employed them largely as frontier guards, with a connection very elastic and frequently repudiated on both sides.

Their political constitution was completely democratic. All officers were elected for one year only, and any Cossack might be chosen for any post, including the chief one of "Ataman," or headman. This was abolished by the Emperor Nicholas, but the title is now bestowed upon the eldest son of the Emperor, who is represented by a Deputy or Adjutant-General *a la suite* of the Emperor, and he resides at Novi-Tcherkash, and is regarded by the Cossacks as the Ataman, or headman. Though the Cossacks have been generally represented as little better than fierce savages, I can most heartily testify that they are not so. They are kind and hospitable in the extreme, proud of their birthright and freedom, and amongst the poorest of them you will find all the courtesy and politeness of the French.

How I tried to make engine drivers of the Cossacks, and reorganised the working of the traffic, etc., are details which would weary the reader if I narrated them. The service generally soon showed improvement, the coal traffic kept steadily increasing, and I was told that the coal had found its way into use on the Black Sea. The traffic between Novi-Tcherkash, Rostoff, and Taganrog was becoming very considerable.

Spring came upon us, and with it the overflow of the river Don, bringing organic matter highly charged with ague and malaria. It was then I had my first attack of malaria fever, never to be forgotten. For a fortnight I had a bad time of it, occasionally semi-delirious, then relief for a day or two, then cramps, shivering fits, and cold sweats. In about three weeks, thanks to quinine, castor oil, and the kind attention of the Station Superintendent, I recovered.



CHAPTER XVII.

A MOVE TO MOSCOW.

ONE morning I received an invitation to call at Moscow upon Colonel Struve, chairman of the Kolomna Engineering Works (then known as Messrs. Struve Brothers), near Moscow, and on proceeding there was offered the post of Works Manager, to devote my special attention to railway rolling stock construction. I at once accepted, and as the surroundings were likely to prove congenial to my wife, I made arrangements to fetch her from St. Petersburg, and leave Novi-Tcherkash. I was not permitted to go without a very kindly-worded testimonial from my old chief, Mr. Firth, who I believe was genuinely sorry to lose me. Then my wife and I settled down in our bungalow at Kolomna, experiencing great kindness from Colonel Struve and his family.

The works had been in existence for some time as a railway bridge works, both the brothers Struve having been eminent engineers in the Russian military service. Just before I joined them it had been decided to enlarge the works, so as to be able to carry out the constructions of railway rolling stock and plant generally. It was to develop and improve this work, particularly the accurate construction of locomotives and tenders, that my services were retained, and to which I had particularly to devote my attention. The firm was at that time delivering locomotives to the Moscow Smolensk Railway, which were not doing their

work satisfactorily. This matter was taken in hand immediately, and, much to the satisfaction of Colonel Struve, the remedy I applied, viz., less weight on the leading axles, cured the heating of these axles, and secured the acceptance of the locomotives. This business gave my wife and myself a grand opportunity for seeing Moscow thoroughly, as we were more than a month in residence there.

Moscow, the ancient capital of Muscovy (now known as the Empire of Russia), is a remarkable city. To see and appreciate Moscow is to understand Russia. Real Russian life in its every phase is here seen, from its highest nobility to its lowest peasantry. We were very much impressed with Moscow and its environs. The town of Moscow (Russian, Moskva), the second capital of the Russian Empire, is situated on both banks of the river Moskva, a tributary of the river Oka. The present city measures seven miles from north to south, and covers an area of 40 square miles, including the suburbs. In the centre, on the left bank of the Moskva, stands the Kremlin, and, in the neighbourhood, other historical buildings, deeply interesting and associated with Russian life for centuries past. The climate of Moscow is cold and continental, but healthy. The population is steadily increasing, and is estimated at 700,000. Here the Russian language is spoken in its greatest purity. The streets are full of merchants and peasants, who continue to wear the old Russian garb. Russian annals first mention Moscow as far back as 1147, when Youri Dolgoruki was the principal leader and chieftain. The Dolgorukis are to this day one of the most powerful families in Russia, and Moscow is full of tales of their past.

Moscow has passed through many vicissitudes. The last great disaster was experienced on the 13th September, 1812, six days after the battle of Borodino. The Russian troops evacuated the city, leaving 11,000 wounded, and the next day the French occupied the Kremlin. The same night, whilst Napoleon was waiting for a deputation, the capital was set on fire

by its own inhabitants. They abandoned the city, and it was pillaged by the French troops, as well as by the Russians themselves. The burning of Moscow became the signal for a general rising of the peasants against the French. The want of supplies and the impossibility of wintering in a ruined city, continually harassed by Cossacks and peasants, compelled Napoleon to leave the city on the 19th of October, after he had unsuccessfully tried to blow up certain parts of the Kremlin.

For several years after our return to Kolomna from Moscow, my life was uneventful. We were happy in our surroundings. There was an incessant supply of work at the engineering works, which were being extended in all directions. New workshops, new plant, gas furnaces, gas-works, etc., were erected, and the manufacture of wheels and iron plates at another works had been studied and applied, until the record of output reached 6,000 wagons and trucks, and 100 locomotives delivered and put to work on various railways.

Locomotive No. 100, which was constructed under my supervision, was sent to the Vienna Exhibition of 1872, and gained a gold medal. A feast of the whole of the workmen was given on the return of the locomotive from Vienna, and much holiday-making followed, running into three days. I well remember the workmen carrying me shoulder-high from the works to my residence, on the termination of the festivities.

The monotony of the work, however, notwithstanding the exceeding kindness of the Struve family, became irksome. Besides this, there was a strong German element in the works, which made things not altogether pleasant at times for the "Englander." Things of this sort multiplied themselves, until at last it was settled between myself and Colonel Struve that when a change offered I should accept it. This was soon brought about, and I returned to active railway life again a few weeks later, taking up an appointment as District Locomotive Superintendent at Orel, Central Russia, on the Orel-Graize Railway, some 350 versts to the south of Moscow.

The parting with the workmen at Kolomna works was not easy, as so many of them had been associated with me from the first. In their characteristic, kindly way, they presented me with an address, in which they expressed hearty thanks for what I had done for them. I also had a flattering testimonial presented me by Colonel Struve on behalf of the firm.



CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SOUTH RUSSIAN RAILWAY.

I HAD been at Orel only a few months, when a telegram summoned me to Moscow, to meet the chairman and directors of the Losova-Sevastopol Railways, with whom General Struve, a brother of Colonel Struve, was associated. I lost no time in finding the offices, when, after a few minutes' chat with the gentleman I met there, who was one of the directors, I found they wanted me to take up the appointment of Engineer-in-Chief of the Locomotive, Carriage and Wagon Departments throughout their entire system. The railways were working from Losova, near Kharkoff, to Alexandroffsk, from Sinelnikoff Junction Station to Ekaterinoslaw, on the Dnieper, but the main trunk line to South Russia and across the Crimea from Alexandroffsk to Sevastopol was still incomplete, as was the branch line to the sea of Azoff from Novi-Alexieffka.

"We are tired of contractors, Mr. Garwood," said the director. "They break down one after another owing to the difficulties which attend the transport service, and we are now determined to complete the work ourselves, so we want you to afford us your help as Engineer-in-Charge of the rolling stock and mechanical appliances of every description, and to assist in the erection and completion of engine sheds, workshops, pumping-stations, etc.; in fact, we wish you to be absolute master of all these works and developments!"

It was a trying moment for me, one never to be forgotten. Here was the blue riband of the railway services of the world in my grasp, and I not thirty years of age! With a lump in my throat, I stammered out: "I have no fear of the work, and accept the trust, and will do my best to merit and deserve confidence!" I was told there were 570 miles of main line and 65 miles of branch lines, and there were many locomotives waiting repairs. I was given a letter to Major Prochoroff, the Engineer-in-Chief and General Manager of the Railways.

I had recently lost my father, and on my return drive to the hotel I began wondering what he would have said, had he been spared, and what I would have given to have then and there acquainted him personally with my happiness; but there was not even one of the family nearer at hand than away in the dear home-land, and he whom I longed for was "Across the Bar." Then a burst of tears relieved the intense pressure, and happy thoughts came—thoughts of what my dear old mother, brothers and sisters would say when the news reached them. It was a great occasion and a great command.

Early next morning I was deep in the study of a map of South Russia, and soon found that Losova was on the main Central Russian line from Moscow, a short distance below Kharkoff, and from that point the main railway to the Crimea ran across South Russia, as straight as it could be made, to the Putrid Sea, between the main land and the Crimea, which it crossed, then across the Crimea to Sevastopol. My final business affairs at Orel were soon settled with my chief, Mr. Lehrs, who, in his frank Yankee way, promptly opened out with: "Stars and snakes, old man, you've done it! You've pulled it off! I guess you mean business. Now come along to the hotel, and I guess it shall be the best bottle of champagne in Orel, or my name is not John Lehrs, of the U.S.A!"

A few days after this we, my wife and I, were on our way to Alexandroffsk (via Kharkoff), which we found was 160 versts from Losova, with passenger and goods

trains running fairly regularly to this point from Losova, the terminal station of the railway on the Kharkoff line. Upon my arrival I lost no time in presenting my letters of introduction and recommendation to Major Prochoroff, and was at once handed over the service by a Mr. Tekstrem, who had been for some considerable time in poor health. With Major Prochoroff, and his assistant, Captain Linda, the Chief Engineer of the Melitopol section of the line, which was the next one towards the south then under construction, I was soon on the best of terms, and the ways and means to best push the work forward were soon ripe for discussion, after a general look around and a careful study of the work to be done. Then, after a good deal of thinking out, I volunteered a suggestion which caught on a merveille! This was that workmen's trains, fully equipped and fitted up for living in, sleeping accommodation, and cooking, a la box truck of excellent memory, should be pushed forward on the line of railway as it advanced, also that a provision train be run to rail-head regularly once a week, which train should be loaded with all necessary requirements, making it in fact a bazaar-on-wheels. Then large brewers' vats were bought and erected on open platform trucks for the conveyance of water. This new departure was soon in running order, and the work was then pushed on in a really energetic and earnest manner.

The workshops and repairs were got into better going order, a foundry was erected for light iron and brass castings, and some good men, whom I knew from having had them under me before, were brought down from Moscow. I also secured the services of Mr. Corry, who was formerly in the workshops at Kosloff, and knew Russian well, as assistant to myself. Then I put on another old friend, who years before was with me at the Brighton Works, in England, and who subsequently came out to the Baltic Iron-works at St. Petersburg. Soon matters began to move, and, with the able assistance above mentioned, I was at liberty to devote the greater part of my time to the out-door service. As Mrs. Garwood went on a visit to England about this time, I had

a freer hand to move about on the sections under construction as I might please, and so, with a well-fitted box truck, and a good horse at hand to ride, time was of no object.

Major Prochoroff and I "went for" that railway, as the saying goes, he backing my every suggestion with enthusiasm. Suitable ballast holes, as near the line of railway as possible, were found by his engineers at convenient intervals, then a veritable village-on-wheels was arranged and sided, and locomotives stationed on the spot in charge of foremen, with offices, supplementary stores, etc., also on wheels. The work was pushed forward day and night. Rails, with sleepers only, were laid to the site of the next station, and the workmen's train, with all the necessary implements and the men, immediately followed on. This was run on to a side-line purposely laid to take the train in its entirety; then, with the next day came the certainty of a good start in building and forming the station; auxiliary trains were run through to rail-head to keep up the supply of material and provisions for the workpeople, and so the work proceeded. The results of this new departure were soon made manifest, for, before a station was completed, the rails were down temporarily to the site of the next station, and another 14 or 15 miles opened up. Then came the ballast-trains depositing their loads one after the other, then the lifting of the temporary road to formation level, and after this the ballasting, the levelling, and the final completion. Thus the work was pushed rapidly forward until the town of Melitopol was reached, 105 miles from Alexandroffsk, the most difficult piece of work along the whole line, with the exception of the section between Sevastopol and Simpheropol. The opening to Melitopol for regular traffic soon followed, and so the third section was completed. A handsome locomotive shed and necessary shops were erected at Melitopol, an important agricultural town on the South Russian plateau.

Additions to the already extensive workshops at Alexandroffsk, to enable us to deal with the maintenance of rolling stock and renewals, took up a considerable portion of my time again;

also the installation and organization of locomotive sheds and depôts, also water stations at convenient and selected centres. Still, I managed to find opportunities to spend a few days at rail-head occasionally, and, when there, thoroughly enjoyed the fine air of the Steppe, and put in a little shooting as well. To meet the requirements of the rolling stock and maintenance service, the foundry was thoroughly well equipped for producing iron and brass castings on a large scale. The nearest works of the kind were at Kharkoff, quite a long distance away.

The date of opening the foundry proved a red-letter day. Very few of my Russian friends had seen pattern-making, moulding, and the casting of iron and brass, and it was pleasing to see the interest taken in the matter. A large quantity of old castings, broken axle-boxes, piston-rings, old cylinders, etc., had been collected and broken up for the furnaces, and all necessary ingredients to turn out a good cast were got ready to hand. To make the matter a formal affair, the Government Inspector and Major Prochoroff had been asked to pour the first ladle of metal (I used anthracite instead of coke). This they did, with a great deal of gusto, amid loud and long acclamations. There was much rejoicing during the whole day, and my reputation and position in the neighbourhood became greatly enhanced when it got to be fully known and appreciated that we could make metal run like water, and assume any shape we chose.

My official friends and colleagues were loud in their congratulations. Major Prochoroff and I plainly saw that we had now the upper hand of all the work that loomed before us. The foundry proved a great acquisition, and shewed that a new era had been established. The best possible results quickly followed; old broken parts became new quantities, and the repairs to the rolling stock were pushed home. More workmen followed me down from old associations, the works increased in size, and the number of workpeople from the neighbourhood was likewise steadily augmented. We had made a very fortunate choice in my assistant, Mr. John Corry, and also in the matter

of the foreman of the erecting shop, Mr. Brownhill. The latter and I had been shopmates at the Brighton Railway Works years before.

Many of the locomotives, hors-de-service, had been built at the Kolomna Works, and were therefore familiar to me in all their details, which was a very distinct advantage. There were many others of foreign manufacture which occasionally gave trouble before their eccentricities of construction could be mastered. I was told some time after this that one of the best of my recommendations to the directors was the fact of my knowledge of the detail construction of locomotives. I suppose the argument would have been, if he can design and build, he must be also able to repair. But such is not always the case. If the Russian Government were to insist upon educated young men passing three years in several of their large engineering works as workmen, and then two years as firemen and drivers, they would in time have men and engineers to control their railways. I am told the workmen, with the exception of the older hands, have deteriorated since the days of Winans Bros. and the Nicolai Railway, the workshops of which formed the nucleus of the mechanical race now springing up in Russia and forging to the front. They will be heard of later!

The railway from Alexandroffsk to Melitopol followed the valley of the Dnieper to Wassiliefka Station, and from thence, by a fairly steep gradient, reached the plateau above the river, from which point it ran as far as the eye could reach, and beyond.

On returning to Alexandroffsk from Melitopol with Major Prochoroff, he informed me that the chief offices of the railways would be moved to Simpheropol, in the Crimea, as soon as we could get through, and that I should have to reside there so as to be near him, the other heads of departments, and the Government Inspectors, etc. I was very glad to hear this, for Alexandroffsk was but a village, and its close proximity to the River Dnieper made it unhealthy. Major Prochoroff assured me that the Government wished no exertion or expense to be

spared to get the line through and completed at as early a date as possible. At one time there were no less than 30 locomotives working from one ballast station; and as it had been decided that Melitopol should be the central station of the Railway, with workshops for light repairs and shed for locomotives, I spent much of my time there organizing, so as to have everything ready when the line opened up to Taganash, which was the fourth section.

I had fitted up my box-truck comfortably, keeping in touch with the ballasting work and material traffic, going forward frequently to see how matters were progressing, and often on my horse from daylight to dusk. Life at rail-head with a few good-hearted Russian officers and gentlemen was well worth the living.

After quitting Melitopol, the railway, by an easy fall, leaves the upland, or corn-growing district, and gradually approaches sea-level, crossing the well-known sheep-grazing land of the South Russian steppe. The country is very thinly populated, and the railway stations, without much consideration for locality, were fixed at from 15 to 20 versts apart (say roughly about 15 miles), and at first were intended for the purpose of crossing trains rather than with any idea of passenger or goods traffic. But, even in Russia, a railway opens up a country wonderfully, and soon one could see a house, and then another, rise up near the stations.

My special chum was the Chief of the Telegraphs, Mr. Kasimir Cail, and he would couple up the wire to the service saloon carriage of an evening, get in touch with Kharkoff or elsewhere, and tell us how the world was wagging. At another time Major Prochoroff, with the Engineer's list of workmen, labourers, platelayers, etc., before him, would call me into his private room and would open fire upon me with: "Alfred Romanovitch, how many locomotives and wagons have you on construction work?" I would give him the information he

sought, and then he would break in with "More! more! You must run more." "Very well, if you think necessary, Major, you shall have more," I would reply. Then he would come out in the little English he knew, "All right! Good night, Alfred Romanovitch! Sleep well!" Major Prochoroff was a Russian of Russians, and a gentleman.

For each two ballast trains of twenty-five trucks apiece, one dwelling train was provided, and for the locomotives standing at the ballast holes all night to be ready at daybreak, workshops, stores, offices, and dwellings on wheels had to be maintained and furnished with every requisite, provisions, and water included. When it was expected that we should be some little time at one place, dug-outs and temporary barracks were made.

A day long to be remembered was the one which saw us proceed along the embankment that had been constructed across the Putrid Sea, on a locomotive. Then the rails and sleepers were laid at a great rate on the hard, billiard table-like formation, which opened out before us on the other side, and stretched right away across the Crimea. Soon Taganash Station, the end of Section IV., was reached; then sites for engine-shed and workshop for small repairs decided on after which came a short breathing space, only lasting a few days, to settle the exact centre of the line to Simpheropol. The line was being pushed on from the Sevastopol side, but there was a lack of locomotive power there, and none was available until the lines met, with the exception of those sent round via Odessa and the Black Sea. Something had been done in this way, but as a lot of the work between Sevastopol and Simpheropol was tunnel work, it was considered wiser to push things from the north, and so the work went on steadily. There had been a great deal of chaffing relative to our having missed naming one station "Garrood" (Garwood, after myself), and this went on until one morning, in the presence of just a few of us, the last rail was laid, the last pair of fishplates and bolts were coupled up, and the link joining

St. Petersburg and Sevastopol was made complete. Very little was said, but I remember the quiet grip of friendship and congratulation which went round as we stood there and looked back upon the work we had accomplished together ; and, somehow, I think that the quiet grip meant to us much more than all the cheering.

During the whole of the time that I had been associated with this railway service there had been no change on the staff. Major Prochoroff was still its head, with Captain Linda as Chief Engineer, Kasimir Cail Telegraph Engineer, Nicolai Bruhl Traffic Manager, and myself the Locomotive Engineer. There were also the Government Inspectors, Colonel Stromberg, and his Adjutants, the Brothers Klimchitski, who were also engineers, besides several section engineers, so that we were all well acquainted with each other and on the most friendly terms.

Shortly after this, the order was given to move the chief offices to Simpheropol, and the opening up of the traffic to this important town, a distance of 500 versts from Losova, soon followed, thus establishing a direct railway service with St. Petersburg over a length of rail of 2,035 Russian miles. An inspection of the line was made, and I had the pleasure of receiving the thanks of the Chairman and Directors for the assistance I had rendered, General Struve making it a special point of presenting me to each of the Directors in turn. Then came the official Government inspection by the Minister of Public Works, Adjutant-Admiral Possiett, and the Director of the Technical Department of the Ministry, General Sharnwell, to whom I was presented. They went over the workshops with me at Alexandroffsk. The foundry was specially pointed out to them by Major Prochoroff as a great feature of the undertaking, and an important source of help during the construction of the railway. The Minister appeared more than satisfied with what had been told him, and insisted upon shaking hands and thanking me once more on behalf of the Government before his

train left. The result of this visit was soon made known as follows:—

[TRANSLATION.]

CIRCULAR NO. 52.

MINISTRY OF PUBLIC WORKS.

St. Petersburg,

February 25th, 1876.

His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor, on the recommendation of the Minister, has graciously sanctioned, this 20th day of February, the decoration of the Medal for Merit, to be worn with the ribbon of the Order of St. Stanislaus, to the Engineer-in-Chief, Locomotive, Carriage and Wagon Departments, of the Losova-Sevastopol Railway, British subject Alfred Garwood, for excellent and useful services rendered.

(Signed),

POSSIETT, Adjutant Admiral,

Minister of Public Works.

Previous to this my appointment had been confirmed and made permanent, and so, when the Circular came, I obtained leave of absence and, with the hearty congratulations of my colleagues, started for Paris to meet my wife, going via the Austrian Frontier and Vienna. I was anxious to get settled in our Simpheropol home before the cold weather set in, as I knew that there would be plenty of work for me to get through that winter with over one hundred locomotives without shelter anywhere on the southern steppes of Russia, between Simpheropol and Melitopol, working ballast trains, etc. These, with the wagons and other rolling stock had, after the entire line was ballasted, to be thoroughly overhauled and be made available once more for regular traffic service.

A few days were spent in Paris with my wife and her father, and then with her youngest sister, we started for the Crimea, breaking our journey for a day or so at Vienna so as to

take in that interesting city. On our arrival at the Russian frontier it was found that I had entirely forgotten to get my passport revised, an affair which proved both awkward and annoying, for there were my wife and sister-in-law on one side of the frontier and I, in glorious isolation, on the other. It was intensely vexing, and unfortunately, there was no immediate way out of the difficulty, so we parted company temporarily, my wife and her sister to go straight on to Odessa and await my arrival there at a good hotel, and I returning to Vienna to get my passport put in order. These arrangements were carried out, and, as it happened, very fortunately for them, for the business of putting things straight at Vienna occupied several days, and I got back to the frontier just in time to fall in with the first snow storm. One can imagine how relieved I was to know that the others had got through safely to Odessa.

I crossed into Russia with no further contretemps until we got about halfway to Odessa, when we became hopelessly blocked by the snow. There was apparently nothing to do but to kick one's heels at a small station until the track was cleared. Matters became worse as time wore on, and there was no sign of any change for the better in the violent storm, so one of the passengers asked if anyone present would share a sleigh with him as far as Odessa, which was distant about 160 miles. I jumped at the offer, a bargain was soon struck, as we were both anxious to get through, and my partner, who knew the road, said we should get forward quickly enough if we could fix up the postal authorities. A document in my possession, viz., my leave of absence as an official of the Losova-Sevastopol Railway on special service, settled this and soon provided us with a troiky, or three-horse sleigh, and what is known in Russia as a pod-dorognia, i.e., an authority for a change of horses at each post-station at so much per horse per mile. Armed with this my fellow traveller, Mr. Daniloff, and I made good progress, and travelling during the whole of the night, the next day saw us at Odessa, much to the delight of my relatives, whom I had sent

on ahead. The run from Odessa to Sevastopol was made by steamer, and the following evening we were comfortably installed in our Crimean home at Simpheropol, under the shadow of the Tchatser Daghs Mountains, 5,450 feet above sea level.

Simpheropol, the capital of the Crimea, is a town of importance, with well laid out streets and fine houses, public gardens, a good club, Governor's Palace, etc., etc. It is the seat of Government for the Province of the Tauride, and quite a delightfully pleasant place to live in, with plenty of occupation to keep one going.

The advent of the railway brought a considerable number of officials and work-people as permanent residents, which necessitated improvements in every direction, and, later on, brought a large amount of prosperity and business to the town. The railway passes close to the west side of the town, across the main road from Simpheropol to Perekop, where a substantial railway station, with excellent refreshment rooms and well laid out gardens, had been built. There were also locomotive sheds and workshops, with every accommodation for handling a large amount of traffic. My house, which was situated only a short distance from the main road and the station, I found very convenient. The climate of Simpheropol is wonderfully mild, and in winter leaves nothing to be desired. I have seen the season come and go without any sign of snow remaining long on the ground, except away on the old Tchatser Daghs Mountain and the hills around.

We had scarcely settled down, when one morning Major Prochoroff and the Government Inspector sent for me. What they said was as follows: "Alfred Romanovitch, her Majesty the Empress has heard of the completion of the railway to the Crimea, and now wants to use it to go to Livadia. We are informed that the sea voyage from Odessa to Yalta is not to be mentioned now that the railway is ready. What do you think? You know as well as we do that the line is not thoroughly ballasted in many places, and in some places scarcely at all. Give us now,

frankly, your opinion." I saw no reason why it could not be done, with an ample time allowance for the difficult places, and gave them my advice, in which they promptly acquiesced.

In due course, the Empress's empty train came down, and made the trial journey successfully to Simpheropol and back. My report upon the matter said that there was no doubt her Majesty could travel quite safely to Simpheropol, but Sevastopol was, for the present, quite out of the question, as the curves and gradients required well ballasting on this particular section of the line before the running of trains would be quite safe. The Sevastopol section of the Crimean Railways required elaborate tunnelling and bridging. Starting from the extreme east end of what is known as the commercial harbour of Sevastopol, at the foot of the famous Redan Hill, of British military history, where the terminus is situated, it rises then gradually until the Malakoff Hill is reached, through which there is a tunnel. The railway then follows the line and level of the aqueduct, which fed the Sevastopol Docks in the days of old. Then it winds around the foot of Inkerman Hill and crosses the Tchernaya River (a small stream running down the valley into the Black Sea), nearly opposite the Inkerman Monastery, then on to the higher ground, where there is a second tunnel through Lighthouse Hill, after which it crosses the Belbek Valley by a handsome iron viaduct. From this point to Baktchisarai, the old Tartar capital of the Crimea, where a railway station is reached, then a steady descent, after which comes a level run to Simpheropol, a total distance of 25 miles.

Shortly after the trial run of the Imperial train, we received notice that her Majesty the Empress and the Grand Duchess Marie (Duchess of Edinburgh) were likely to leave St. Petersburg at any moment. The eventful day at last came. It was a great event, this running of a through Imperial train from the banks of the Neva to the capital of the Crimea, and there were great rejoicings therewith. Everything went off without the slightest hitch. My locomotives, built in Russia, at Struves'

works, did their work uncommonly well. I was told that her Majesty, a difficult traveller to please at any time, was delighted, and I was the recipient of a very handsome souvenir of this, the first Imperial trip by railway to the Crimea. I did the whole distance from Losova to Simpheropol on the footplate of the leading locomotive, with private instructions to use my own judgment as to speed. The members of the Imperial Family were accompanied by the Minister of Public Works, Adjutant-Admiral Possiett, General Sharnwell, and several other officials, to whom I was again presented on the return journey with the empty train to Losova, from which place we made the journey back to headquarters in the service saloon, a very happy party.

Major Prochoroff called me into his room, and said: "Alfred Romanovitch, it is all over now. There will be no peace or happiness for us until we can take the Imperial trains through to Sevastopol." The only thing necessary was to push on with the ballasting, the levelling, and the setting of the curves to gauge, and I said so. "Then you will do it?" he asked. "Certainly," I replied.

The opening of the railway to the Crimea brought many of the Russian Imperial Family and nobility over the line. Yalta, the fashionable watering-place on the south coast of the Crimea, improved rapidly. At last came the Emperor Alexander II., who was delighted with everything. We took him right through to Sevastopol, from whence after we, i.e., the railway officials, had all been presented, he drove off to Livadia amid much rejoicing. That day-and-night journey through South Russia on the leading locomotive was ever to be remembered. It was on this occasion that I made the acquaintance of the famous Russian General, Todleben, the illustrious defender of Sevastopol; and at the dinner at the Sevastopol Railway Station that evening, "the Englishman" was much chaffed about a second invasion of the Crimea. General Todleben struck me as being an exceedingly fine and handsome man, of a most affable and pleasing manner.

CHAPTER XIX.

AT HOME IN THE CRIMEA.

THE next year was devoted to consolidating the work so happily carried through under the same staff and its chief. Mail, passenger, and goods trains were now running regularly throughout, the locomotives and rolling stock used for ballasting and construction purposes were gradually withdrawn and sent to workshops for overhaul and thorough refit, and then sent out again for use as the general traffic required. I had obtained permission to enlarge the workshops at Simpheropol Station, which enabled me to help with the repairs at the south end of the line.

In the autumn, the Emperor came again, and on this occasion there was a review of the troops and sham fight in the neighbourhood of Inkerman. Transport had to be provided for a certain number of troops by rail to defend the town against the attacking force. Everything was carried out to the satisfaction of everybody; at least, so I heard, and there was much laughter and chaff in the evening, when it was clearly demonstrated that the attacking troops, which were taken out by the trains, had won the fight, and that the first of these trains was led by an Englishman on the leading locomotive! Major Prochoroff was immensely delighted, and in his hearty way said the fun was greatly appreciated in high official quarters.



OUR HOME IN THE CRIMEA.

His Majesty, with the Imperial Family, left the Crimea that year (1875) on the 19th November, driving from Livadia, over the mountains, to Simpheropol. I was on the platform as he passed through the station, somewhat unexpectedly, and I remember quite well the way he returned my salute as he walked to his saloon. That was the last time I saw the Emperor. We left Simpheropol in the thick of a terrible snow-storm and blizzard, and such was the violence of the hurricane of snow and sleet that at times the Imperial train was practically held up. The blizzard continued with more or less violence all the way to Losova, where I thankfully handed over the train to the Moscow, Kursk and Karkoff Railway Companies' officials.

It had been a matter of grave doubt more than once, I was informed, as to whether I should get through or not. Fortunately, my locomotives were in the best possible order, and only for that reason did we succeed. I did the whole distance of 500 versts without leaving the footplate of the leading locomotives, except to change engines. There were three changes, with two fresh locomotives to each change. The train with the suite, which followed the Imperial train, got hopelessly snowed up, and was detained for a very considerable time.

The following circular, No. 124, thanking the officials, was issued on the 22nd November—(translation): "The train of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor, having passed over the whole of the railway without loss of time or hindrance, notwithstanding the heavy storms of the 18th and 19th, and the fact that on several sections of the railway the telegraph failed, and was blown down, preventing the usual telegraphic arrangements to be made, I have to offer my best thanks to the whole of my staff and the employés on the railway, seeing that every obstacle was overcome and the Imperial train enabled to reach its destination without mishap. (Signed), N. PROCHOROFF. To the Engineer-in Chief, Locomotive Department, Alfred Garwood."

Life in Simpheropol was very pleasant in those days. My wife and sister-in-law had become quite at home, and on intimate

terms with the ladies and families of my railway colleagues and other Simpheropol residents. There was a very good club ; race meetings were got up by the officers of the Garrison ; I had as much shooting as I could do with, and our coursing matches were a great success. The big grey hare abounds on the steppes of the Crimea ; and with the first frosts of winter, not too far away from Simpheropol, there was plenty of sport, including even bustard, to be had. The coming of the officials of the railway staff put new life into Simpheropol, and there was soon friendly fraternising with the old residents and Government officials. The Governor-General, Adjutant-General Kavelin, was exceedingly popular.

Some of us got the pretty little theatre on its legs again, and many a pleasant evening was spent there, when we could persuade a company on tour to call and stay for a time. I remember one piece played which will interest my English friends. It was a Russian version of the famous Tichborne case. The hero, i.e., the real Tichborne, was supposed to be knocked over and killed by a locomotive, and as the scene, to be effective, required a decent-looking engine, I had to make one on a small scale, of wood. This engine did practically everything the iron horse does, including whistle, hiss, make a big smoke, etc., etc. It was arranged to run on the stage (being held in check by a steel wire), and knock Tichborne over, upon which the curtain fell. I think we had to kill Tichborne twenty times on the first night of the performance, so great was the delight of the audience. Of course, in a comparatively small Government town like Simpheropol everyone is acquainted, and, when the applause was on, the constructor of the locomotive came in for more than his share.

Recognising the necessity of an assistant at the head office, the choice was left to me, and I had the pleasure of nominating Mr. Corry, who had been left in charge of the Alexandroffsky Works. He came to Simpheropol, his place being taken by Mr. Smith, of the Nicolai Railway, first, and then Mr.

Menzies, who had been in Russia for some time on another railway. My chief draughtsman was a Mr. Cundall, recommended by Major Prochoroff, and the chief clerk Mr. Castle, a Russian Englishman, whose family had been settled in Russia for several generations. The rest of the officials and employés were for the most part Russians, with a few Poles and Germans. There were two or three English locomotive drivers.

It is very singular how one meets with Englishmen here and there all over the world, in the most out-of-the-way and unlikely places. For instance, at Simpheropol, the Chief Clerk came into my room one morning and said, "There is an Englishman asking for you, sir!"

"Where on earth has he come from, Mr. Castle?"

"Don't know, sir. Says he is an engine-driver, and looks one!"

The visitor was shewn in, and the following conversation ensued:—

"Well, how do you do? Who, and what are you?"

"Richard Harle, sir, engine driver, late Poti-Tiflis Railway, seeking employment!"

"Well, Mr. Harle," I answered, "I can only take you on provisionally, and that only on the section not yet opened for traffic. Not far from here there is a locomotive in the River Alma, and we want her out. I can find you all the tackle you may require. Will you take on the job?"

"Yes, sir; certainly!"

In about five weeks' time, I saw the locomotive, driven by Harle, come into the station, and happening to be in conversation on the platform with the Major as he pulled up, I said: "There, sir, that's the man I want at Melitopol"—a very important point halfway and central Locomotive Depot. "Very well," replied the Major, who would never allow any advantage or favour in preference to one of his countrymen, recognising all the while the lack of experience and practical knowledge of detail wanting by many of the native drivers and firemen.

CHAPTER XX.

THE RUSSIAN RAILWAY SYSTEM.

IT may be interesting, perhaps, to explain here the general system of railway management throughout the Russian Empire, where all railways are more or less under the direct control of the Government, through the Government Resident Inspectors, who hold their appointments direct from the Ministry of Public Works at St. Petersburg. These Inspectors are quite independent of Chairman, Directors, or management, and their duty is to see that the general rules and regulations as laid down by the Government, for the working of the various railways, are carried out to the letter. The Commission that went abroad, before the spread of Russian railways, to study the best system of railway management and the most suitable for Russia, visited all countries where railways had been introduced, including England and America. They helped themselves to ideas from all the best details of management they saw, their investigations and adaptations resulting in one universal system throughout the length and breadth of the Russian Empire, not only as regards management, but also in details of construction and style and description of rolling stock. From time to time improvements of distinct value have been made, but have only been permitted to be adopted with the authority of the Ministry of Public Works, becoming thereupon universal with every railway administration or group of railways.

In the first place, all railways, roads and bridges are under the direction of the Ministry of Public Works, and the engineering staff attached as permanent officials to this Ministry. The Academy of Civil Engineers at St. Petersburg, and civil engineering generally, come under the control of the Ministry of Public Works, and it is from this Academy that the staff of engineers are drawn, who are seen all over Russia in their neat uniform of dark green, with the silver badge upon the breast which denotes their profession and position, and shoulder-straps of braid and stars, varying with the rank held. These engineers (quite distinct from Military Engineers, who wear a different uniform), are well paid and hold rank, and are promoted, as officers, on the same footing as the military officers. The Managing Director, or General Manager of a railway, is invariably an engineer officer of rank and experience from this service, as also are the Chief Engineer of the permanent way and his District Engineers, the Chief Engineer acting for the General Manager in the latter's absence.

Then the following heads of departments come in the order given: Traffic Manager, Chief Engineer of Telegraphs, and Chief Mechanical Engineer in charge of rolling stock, etc. These all hold their appointments under the direct sanction of the Ministry of Public Works. Attached to the Managing Director's, or General Manager's office, are the Accountant's offices, stores, fuel, and medical offices. The four heads of departments and Managing Director form, as it were, an inner Council, or standing committee, and all business decided upon is submitted by the Managing Director to the Board of Directors, after previous consultation with, and with the knowledge and approval of, the Government Inspector.

A few weeks before the end of each financial year, the heads of departments submit their *smet*, i.e., budgets, for the working and maintenance of their departments for the next twelve months, calculated on a given train mileage, where the locomotive carriage and wagon department is concerned. These

budgets have to be accurately drawn up, even to the smallest detail, and are then submitted. Sometimes there is revision, but when sanction is given, the head of the department is alone responsible for the expenditure. In the estimate which the Locomotive Engineer submits, there is an item for contingencies and for experimenting with a view to improvement of service. The advantage of this system is obvious. There is no concealment; every salaried employe knows exactly his pay monthly, according to classification, for at least a year; there can be no bickerings; each and every employe knows his exact position, his duties, his chances of promotion should vacancies occur, etc., etc.

There are as few employes as possible on daily pay, but even the workmen in the workshops know what their pay is, and the rate is a fixed one, in accordance with the workman's book each man has in his possession, and in which are registered his career, his speciality, and the advances he receives from his apprentice days and first start in life, etc. No jealous foreman, timekeeper, or overlooker can remove or discharge a man. The case has to come before the head of department if the employe is on daily pay; if he should be on monthly pay, he can only be suspended by the head of his department, dismissal following only after a regular enquiry, conducted by the Managing Director (or a small committee he may appoint), and he alone is entitled, with the sanction of the Board of Directors, to give certificates of service.

Compare the foregoing system with what I have seen in recent years in England (and was associated with for over five years) with all its back-biting, responsibility-skulking, labour subletting through middlemen, and other miserable surroundings too ignoble to mention, and one can better understand the causes of trades' unions, strikes, and the chronic dissatisfaction and friction between Capital and Labour.



MAJOR N. PROCHOROFF
(Nicolai Yakovlevitch).

CHAPTER XXI.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

ONE morning, early in 1877, Major Prochoroff sent for me.

The news he had to communicate was that there was to be an extensive mobilization of troops over the South Russian Railways, 'and at least 80,000 were coming over our lines, summing up the matter with, "Alfred Romanovitch, voina bydet." ("It means war"). As a matter of fact, at the moment it meant a large concentration of troops in South Russia, with Kishineff and its neighbourhood as the centre of mobilization. The programme was handed to me so that I could study the locomotive power required. The actual number of engines at my disposal was not nearly enough, and recourse was had to other railways outside the zone of mobilization, in agreement with the printed regulations.

The transport of all these troops, Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry, also the heavy guns for Sevastopol, was carried out without a single hitch, stoppage, or breakdown. It was an anxious time for us, as it was the first occasion on which anything of the kind had been attempted.

A few particulars of the Crimea may here be interesting. Anciently the Tauric Chersonese, the "Krym" of the Tartars, the Crimea of the present day, comprises a considerable area of the Province of the Taurida, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azoff, and is joined to the Continent of Russia by the Isthmus of Perekop, and also now the new railway bank across the Putrid Sea near Joncar, on the Russian side. The Peninsula is about 200 miles from east to west, by 125 miles from north to south,

with an area of about 10,000 square miles. Along the Siwash, or Putrid Sea, on the north, the country is flat and open; to the west of Theodosia the south coast becomes rocky and elevated. Balaclava, and more especially, Sevastopol, have fine harbours, and the coast from Balaclava to Yalta is wonderfully attractive. It is at Livadia, near Yalta, that the Imperial Palace, I may say Palaces, are situated, and the country, the sea air and surroundings near Yalta are delightful; in fact, owing to the high range of mountains rising abruptly behind Yalta the climate is superb, and for a health resort, equal to Nice or any other place on the Mediterranean, if not better. Simpheropol is also pleasantly situated for an inland town, and has become a place of far greater importance since the opening of the railway. Altogether, 100,000 troops were moved over the railways with which I was immediately concerned as Chief Locomotive Engineer, and on the 24th of January, 1877, the following special circular, No. 4, was issued to the heads of departments:—

[TRANSLATION.]

“In recognition of the zeal and care in the execution of the Imperial commands of the 31st December, the Minister of Public Works has received instructions to record the following at the Ministry under date of January 5th:

“Seeing the energetic and successful manner the troops, military train, guns, and horses were transported over the railways, his Imperial Majesty desires specially to express his gratification, and thanks the heads of departments, and their subordinates, for the excellent service rendered; and for the zeal and attention of the workmen awards 10,000 roubles for distribution in accordance with lists to be prepared.

(Signed), N. PROCHOROFF,

Director Losova-Sevastopol Railway.

To the Engineer-in-Chief, Locomotive Department,
Alfred Garwood.”

It was at this time that I again met the famous Russian General, Todleben, who was then staying at Sevastopol. Some of the guns brought down to the Crimea for the neighbourhood of Sevastopol were very heavy, and it took quite a deal of thinking out to get them through and into position, although it was ultimately done in a very simple manner, much to the General's satisfaction. The grand old soldier and I had several chats together. On one occasion he said: "Has it not struck you as singular that you, an Englishman, should be here amongst all this preparation for war with Turkey and, perhaps, with England. your own country, and yet all the time you go about your work seemingly quite unconcerned in the midst of all our soldiers?" My reply was: "Well, General, I have never looked at it in that light before. I know very little of what goes on outside my own work, and for my part, I quite fail to see what there would be to fight about." At which the General smiled, and turned the subject with, "You Englishmen are funny people. You don't seem to have much care or worry about anything."

Living in the Crimea, I had frequently ridden over the battlefields, had been at Balaclava several times, and the Malakoff, Redan, and Inkerman were quite familiar to me, for, with my "Kinglake" in my pocket, I had thought it all out time and again. I have ridden as fast as my horse could travel over the ground where the famous Balaclava Charge was made, so that it was doubly interesting to me to meet this famous General, who held Sevastopol so many months against all the power England, France, Turkey, and Sardinia could bring against him. My eldest brother was serving on the Fleet in the Black Sea during the whole time the fighting was going on, and saw some hard knocks, which he had described to me on his return home, long before I ever thought of living in the Crimea.

I forget the exact date that war was declared against Turkey. I was in Sevastopol the day the Spar torpedo boats made their first attempt to get at the Turkish fleet, under Hobart Pasha, and saw them return unsuccessful. Until then, I had been

too much occupied with my work to give the fact that war was in progress the consideration I should have done. However, that evening I decided, in view of eventualities, to send my wife and her sister home to England at once, which I did, via Riga.

A few days after this I decided to have a chat with my old friend and confidant, Mr. Richard Castle, who had been the Chief Clerk attached to my service for several years. Mr. Castle was an Englishman, born in Russia, and then well on in years. His father had been located for many years in Russia as an estate agent, and through long residence and inter-marriage the family had become quite russianized.

"Well, Mr. Castle, what is going to be the upshot of this war? What do you think about it?" asked I.

"I am very glad you mentioned it, sir," was the reply. "because the question of your nationality has been discussed at headquarters already, I understand, and, in fact, that of everyone of us, and I think the Managing Director will be speaking about it soon."

"Well, and if he does, the bones of those old Yeomen I have told you about, my forefathers, laid away to rest under the South Downs of England, would rattle if one of their race changed his nationality to save his position. I know that some are acting differently elsewhere, but that shall never be my case, Mr. Castle!"

"That is exactly what I said, sir, when the Major's private secretary hinted to me, in the gentlest way, that he thought all foreigners in the railway service would have to become naturalized Russians. I said then and there you would never hear of it!"

CHAPTER XXII.

WHY I LEFT RUSSIA.

WHEN thinking over this nationality question, I realized that, sooner or later, as the Major had more than once hinted, it was certain that all leading officials, heads of departments, etc., would certainly have to be Russian subjects. It certainly did seem absurd that I, a foreigner, and an Englishman above all things, should be at the head of the most important department of all, on the chief railway of South Russia, with full and absolute control of an immense amount of rolling stock and the secrets of the military transport and mobilization in my pockets, with hundreds of thousands of Russian soldiers surrounding me in every direction, and figuratively "à Constantinople" written in their knapsacks, and the only country saying them nay, my own—England!

Jumping on my horse a day or two later, I rode into town, and to the club to dine. The town was crammed with troops, so that I found plenty of fine fellows at the Club to give me welcome, and that in the most hearty manner. The gist of my conversation with Mr. Castle was evidently known and appreciated; and here let me say that, whatever the private feeling may have been, I never, during the whole of the time I was in Russia, met with anything but the kindest, gentlest, and most hospitable treatment from all. On this particular evening I was overwhelmed with courtesy and attention, more especially from my old colleagues.

The matter continued still in abeyance, except that the idea of leave of absence, for a time, had been suggested, when one evening, happening to be at the club, I caught sight of a paragraph in an English newspaper that General Marriott, of the Bombay Army, had been appointed President of the new Egyptian Railways Administration then about to be formed to re-organize the services. I wired and wrote to the General, with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance, and offered my services for the rolling stock department, at the same time referring him to the head of one of the leading firms of bankers in London, the late Mr. Jervoise Smith, already mentioned. I little thought that I should have a favourable reply, and, in fact, troubled very little more about the matter, when, to my astonishment, the Chief Clerk brought me the following telegram, dated June 6th, 1877, No. 117:—"Garwood, Simpheropol, Russia. Khedive approves appointment. Come as soon as you can. Let me know when to expect you. (Signed), MARRIOTT."

I handed it over to my friend and chief clerk, Mr. Castle, who said, "Go at once and see Major Prochoroff," which I did. The Major observed: "Egypt has a bad climate, Alfred Romanovitch, and there is miserable intrigue rampant there, sometimes with the English, sometimes with the French; always with somebody." I quite agreed, but then I had stipulated for the Khedive's approval, and General Marriott was a British officer. Then there was my wife's delicate state of health, and the climate would be good for her. Of course, in addition to all this, the other reasons making the change desirable were thoroughly gone into.

Thus was perpetrated the second great mistake of my life. I ought to have gone on leave, as was suggested, and returned later on to help to develop the great industrial movement in Russia, then in its infancy, now advancing by leaps and bounds. Throwing away eleven of the best years of one's life and the blue riband of the railway service, for the sake of one's nationality is no joke, and so I found it to be.

The matter of resignation being settled, the handing over of the services and offices followed in due course, and by the middle of June I was ready to leave the country. Arrangements had been made to go to Egypt via Vienna, Trieste, and Corfu. At the latter place I was hoping to meet one of my brothers, Henry Garwood, then Chief Engineer of H.M.S. *Rapid*, his ship being at the time attached to the Mediterranean Fleet; but I was not to leave Russia without a remarkable send off, notwithstanding the strong feeling which existed against England at the time in consequence of the war with Turkey. Taking a farewell of old friends is never a pleasant task. In this instance, there were several hundreds of the employes who had been associated with me for years, and the snapping of the links which had so long bound us together was a great wrench. I knew incidentally that some sort of public farewell was intended, but was quite unprepared for the overflowing kindness and generosity with which it was carried out. Gratitude to my Russian friends will, I hope, plead pardon for my narrating it with some fulness of detail. On the 16th June, Major Prochoroff handed me the following document in Russian and German:—

[TRANSLATION.]

“I have the honor to state, for the information of those it concerns, that Alfred (the son of Robert Garwood), Engineer-in-Chief of the Locomotive and Carriage Departments of the Losova and Sevastopol Railways, is returning to his home in England.

(Signed),

Director-General PROCHOROFF.”

A day or two later came the following document, in Russian, of which I give the English version:—

“Losova-Sevastopol Railway Offices,
St. Petersburg,

22nd June, 1877.

“This document is given to British Subject Alfred, son of Robert Garwood, to state that from April, 1874, to June,

1877, he was in the service of the above Railway Company, as Engineer-in-Chief of the Locomotive, Carriage, and Wagon Departments.

"He has fulfilled his duties in the best possible manner, with zeal, honesty, and to our entire satisfaction. He possesses a thorough professional knowledge of the important duties appertaining to the high position he has occupied.

"Alfred Garwood leaves the service at his own request, in order to accept an appointment offered him by the Egyptian Government Railway Administration.

A. STRUVE, General	}	Directors."
RATKOFF RUSKOFF, General		
S. MEINE, State Councillor		

A few days later I was presented, on behalf of the Directors, with a little case containing the coveted medallion granting me a free life pass over their railway service. But this was not all. The final parting was to be in the presence of the workmen, the staff, and officials, and my colleagues at the railway works at Alexandroffsk. These works I was justly proud of, as they had grown up and progressed with the railway requirements, and were practically my own creation.

A special train took us from Simpheropol to Alexandroffsk, Major Prochoroff and others joining the train en route, and in the carriage and wagon shops, which had been cleared for the occasion, a farewell banquet and presentation had been arranged, the chair being taken by the Major. After the usual conviviality, the committee made the presentation, having for their spokesman my old friend and chief clerk, Mr. Castle. The address was as follows:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"We, the workmen, officials, and employes of your service, have met here to-day to greet you once more before your departure for Cairo, to thank you for what you have

done for us, and to testify to the honourable, straightforward manner in which you have ever treated us. You have at all times stood by the employes under you, endeavoured to shield our mistakes and improve any want of knowledge of our duties; strict, but never severe. It is for these reasons we wish to show the respect we have for you.

"We are pleased to notice to-day that this feeling is not confined to ourselves. You not only see your own people here, but also the heads of other departments, and our respected director, Nikolai Yakovlovitch Prochoroff, who, but just returned from Moscow and St. Petersburg, honours us with his company, which shows us the thoroughly good understanding that has at all times existed between you both.

"With the hope that you will not forget us, I have the honour, on behalf of the officials, employes, and workmen of the Locomotive, Carriage, and Wagon Departments, to inform you that, agreeable to the wishes of everyone from Losova to Sevastopol, from the highest to the lowest, we beg your acceptance, in remembrance of us, of this silver dinner service, together with this photographic album (containing photographs of many of us) on the cover of which we have had engraved your residence at Simpheropol, from whence many important, good, and wise instructions were given with your signature.

"We wish you good health and success in your new career. May you have a happy voyage, and may God bless you."

Two days later I was in Vienna, where I put in a short rest, and hunted up information and maps concerning Egypt, its railways, etc.

Vienna, the capital and largest town of the Austrian Empire, is a very imposing place. It consists of the inner city (Innere Stadt), and eight districts, or sections, completely

surrounding it. These, with the exception of one section, a quarter reserved for artisans' dwellings, are enclosed by fortifications known as The Lines. Immediately beyond the lines are populous suburbs, the total area of the city and these being about 50 square miles, and population now about 1,500,000 souls. Although Vienna contains buildings of the 14th, and even 13th Century, it is essentially a modern city, nearly all the most conspicuous buildings dating from the beginning of the 19th Century, the inner city and Ring Strasse being the most fashionable quarters. Vienna is the chief industrial city of the Empire. Machinery, scientific and musical instruments, artistic goods in bronze and leather, terra cotta and porcelain, bentwood furniture, meerschaum pipes, etc., are amongst the noted manufactures of this capital of the Empire of Franz Josef.

En route once more, this time for Brighton, via Paris and London, where I arrived in due course. Then, a week later, I found myself in Paris again, under way for Brindisi, having abandoned the idea of the Trieste route, as I had found out that my brother had left Corfu in H.M.S. *Rapid* to join the fleet. I enjoyed a good rest at Brindisi before going on board the mail steamer, the old "Ceylon," for Alexandria. Brindisi is hot on a sultry July day, and I was glad to get afloat, finding matters very pleasant on board. Still, the temperature was rather high for a Russian.

The Captain, well known as "The Honourable George" in the P. & O. service of those days, made me free of his deck saloon, where I had a quiet time to study the Egyptian railway system, with a map of Egypt in front of me.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I ARRIVE IN EGYPT.

IN due course the good ship "Ceylon" arrived at Alexandria, where I went through the usual reception—howlings, greetings, and buffetings from donkey-boys and Dragomen so often described by tourists and visitors to Egypt—until, by sheer forcing my way through the crowd to a vehicle, I found myself landed at the Hotel d' Europe, and in fairly comfortable quarters.

Alexandria is certainly not a pleasant place to sojourn in at the end of July and the beginning of August. The heat and damp at that time (1877) were, I was told, exceptionally severe, and the temperature the highest for many years. The first effect of the high temperature is exhilarating, but then, as an aftercrop, come prickly heat, the mosquito pest, Nile ulcers, and fever. Doubtless life *a la Turque*, in shady, peaceful homes, with cool courtyards and thick walls, is supportable, but to a Chief Engineer of the rolling stock, workshops, etc., of a series of railways throughout the length and breadth of Egypt, with the stock in a more or less rotten condition, it was quite another

matter, and so I found it. I read through a copy of my appointment on the subsequent morning as follows :—

“ Le Caire,

6 June, 1877.

Cabinet du Khedive.

Monsieur le President,—En réponse a votre lettre en date du 4 de ce mois j'ai l'honneur de vous informer que le Khedive sur votre proposition a nommé Monsieur Garwood, Ingenieur Attache a l' Administration des Chemins de fer en remplacement d' Ismail Bey.

(Signè) BARROT.

Son Excellence le General Marriott.”

This I thought looked satisfactory. I had, however, been told much relative to Egyptian intrigue, and I had yet to learn that even a Khedive's letter of appointment could be set aside by a foreign subordinate official and rendered useless ; but on this subject it is not necessary to dwell here. I was naturally anxious to make the acquaintance of General W. F. Marriott, the President of the Railway Administration, on whom so much depended, and who, I was told a few minutes later, was absent for the moment in England. I was on the point of sending him a telegram when a rap came to the door, and “ Come in ” introduced me to Mr. Thomas Carlisle, District Locomotive Superintendent at the Alexandria end of the main line from Cairo.

Carlisle and I date our friendship from that interview, a friendship that increased as the years rolled by, that never wavered during the whole time (and since) we were associated together. His start of surprise when I stood up to wish him “ Good morning ” was quite amusing to witness. He had been in Egypt, connected with the railways, for many years, and had long since taken on the sallow complexion and gaunt expression that I think becomes habitual after years spent in the East, with the long exposure to its high temperatures. The sight of



MR. THOMAS CARLISLE
(Carlisle Bey).

a man over six feet in height, in the prime of life, and in perfect health was, he remarked, too much for him.

In the evening I found the English Administrator at his lodgings, and had a conversation with him and the lady introduced to me as his wife. He was down with gout and general debility, the result, I was told, of a too long residence in India, where he had held a high position on the G.I.P. Railway at Bombay. I met one or two more later on! He knew very little of the state of affairs on the Egyptian Railways, or the condition of the rolling stock, etc., and, it occurred to me, cared less. It was a very disappointing interview. He had only recently taken up his position as second English Administrator of the railways of Egypt, and was, *pro tem.*, acting for General Marriott during the latter's short absence in England.

The next morning, early, I was at the Gabarri Works, on the western outskirts of Alexandria, and went through the locomotive sheds and workshops with Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Redman, who was in charge of the Carriage and Wagon Departments. We had a good look round, until the heat and sun drove us to shelter. A remark on the want of office accommodation to deal effectively with such a large establishment, with over 100 locomotives coming and going, besides being the terminal station for the goods traffic rolling stock, led to the information that although Messrs. Carlisle and Redman were "*de facto*" the heads of their respective departments, they really had very little power or authority over the men, who were directly under the control of the native Nazirs or Wakeils, who acted as buffers, or go-betweens, in Messrs. Carlisle and Redman's relations with the natives. I also ascertained that the accounts for maintenance, wages, expenditure, stores, etc., were entirely in the hands of these Nazirs, and all figures and detail knowledge relating thereto were kept from, and outside the knowledge of, the European Superintendents.

Many of the employés, even drivers and firemen, were

Egyptians, with just a sprinkling of Europeans. At the passenger station on the other side of the town, all the drivers were Europeans, and the firemen Egyptians, under European foremen. After a brief glance at the stores, wharves, and jetties, where the coals, etc., were received, I made up my mind to go next day to Cairo, but bearing in mind that a new broom is expected to do something, before my departure I sketched out a design and plans for offices, and to the astonishment of everyone, these were, as soon as General Marriott returned, put in hand, built, and completed. I was given to understand that for several years this office question had been discussed without result.

In the ordinary run of service regulations, and in justice, Mr. Carlisle should have succeeded me, when, from causes to be described, my health broke down in 1882. He was a tried and valued servant of the Government, thoroughly understood the Egyptians and the language, and was an excellent mechanic and locomotive engineer. But this was not the Administration's way of doing things. An official from the locomotive department of an English railway had to be brought out from England and given the appointment—not the act of the Egyptian Government, but done under the personal influence of an English official. Witness the result, however, to the temporary Administrator. The individual in question responsible for this appointment had ultimately to retire from the head of the Railway Administration. His ever holding the appointment was an unfortunate day for Egypt.*

*The power for good or evil of the railway service of Egypt is difficult to realise, unless one has been attached to this service, that holds out so much hope to the young Egyptian for permanent employment, and is, therefore, much sought after by Egyptians of all ranks. One of the most insane things ever perpetrated was (after General Marriott's death), the appointment of a Hindoo native of India as Station Superintendent at Suez, a post regarded by Egyptians as one of rank and influence, and a nomination of the Khedive's. The next thing done, as power came to him, was to oust the Secretary of the Port Office at Alexandria, and appoint one of his wife's sons to the post, a certain youth, quite untried, and who, after the English

Whilst in Alexandria, I had obtained a letter for the Native Administrator of the Railways, Ismail Pasha Yousrey, who was at Cairo, for which place I started after an inspection of the passenger train locomotives, glad to get away from the gloom which my reception at Alexandria had thrown over me.

occupation, was summarily dismissed from the post. Then came a new inspectorship for the bridges, then a private secretary and staff, then an agency in London, with another relative behind the scene, and other new departures, as uncalled-for as unnecessary. These new appointments did much to fan the flame of discontent throughout Egypt, fostered again by the employés at every railway station throughout the country. Each station, it is well known, is a news and gossip centre.

I remember being at Zagazig about this time, when the Arabist movement began to assume disturbing proportions. My assistant at this locomotive centre, Mr. Holzer, and my friend Mr. Vetter, the Russian Consul, who resided there, told me there was much discontent spreading in reference to these changes, particularly the Suez affair, and that there was to be a fantasia, i.e., festival that evening to discuss the matter. We attended the meeting, and, if I remember rightly, the chairman was one Ali Bey, a well-known landowner of the neighbourhood.

These changes on the railways and the Cadastral survey led by Mr. Colvin were openly discussed, and was never understood by the natives in the interior. I took an early opportunity to acquaint Mr. Malet, her Majesty's representative, of this meeting, who replied as follows: "Dear Mr. Garwood,—I am much obliged to you for your letter about the fêtes of Zagazig. It has been useful to me.—Yours truly (signed) EDWARD MALET. October 20th, 1881."



CHAPTER XXIV.

LIFE AT CAIRO.

ON arrival in Cairo I made straight for Shepheard's Hotel, and I was not long in getting to that well-known caravanseraï, with its indefatigable Monsieur Luigi (Mr. Steinschneider really) of those days, offering a hearty welcome, and wondering at the same time what on earth brought an Englishman there during the hot season, when all Europeans, at least all who could afford it and could get leave of absence, had left the country to escape the heat.

The next morning I was at the general offices of the Railway Administration in good time, and, after a cup of coffee with a few solemn-looking officials, was ushered into the presence of Ismail Pasha Yousrey, at that period one of the native Administrators of the Railways. After a hearty welcome, he said: "We are all at sixes and sevens just now, forming the new administration, and we want your assistance badly. I fear you will find things at Boulac (meaning the railway head workshops, etc.), in a not very satisfactory condition, but you must have patience. Do not be in too great a hurry. You will find Ismail Bey Bushnak, whose duties you take over, down there. He is in poor health; quite an old man now, so you must be gentle with him!"

Expressing my surprise at his perfect mastery of the English language, he laughed, and said he was known as the English

Pasha. He had been educated in England, at King's College.

Continuing, he said: "There is another Pasha in the next room who speaks English, and is anxious to see you. Shall I call him in to make your acquaintance?" Before I could reply, he burst out with: "Sami Pasha, come here, I want to introduce you to our Russian!" In came Sami Pasha, and following close on his heels another Egyptian gentleman, whose name I forget. "How are you, Mr. Garwood?" came in a pleasant English-sounding voice, much to my astonishment and amusement, which I immediately expressed.

"Well," said Sami Pasha, "We are Turks, but not such Turks as your newspapers at home make us out to be. We understand civilization, but we don't preach it."

Then there was a long talk about the railways, the Pasha winding up with, "We must go on patiently, and await General Marriott's return, when the new Administration will begin actual work. Betts Bey, an Englishman, who has been with us for some years at the head of the traffic department, is leaving. His health has broken down, and a general re-organization of that department will be undertaken; but it is in yours that we hope to see the great changes and general improvement. And, by the bye, Mr. Garwood, his Highness the Khedive will be going to Alexandria in a few days, and we hope that his trains will be in the best possible order. You will have to accompany the train whenever his Highness travels. It is the custom of our country for the Chief Engineer of your service to do so. You will arrange with the Traffic Manager about speed, etc., and a letter will be written to your predecessor, Ismail Bey, to place himself at your disposal as soon as you are ready to go to Boulac to inspect the railway works and Government workshops there."

This was much more satisfactory than my reception at Alexandria, and matters improved considerably, in spite of the great heat. I returned to the hotel to while away the noontide, and shortly after had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Fred George, the Assistant Chief Engineer of the Government

telegraphs. Mr. George had been many years in the service of the Egyptian Government, and gave me many very useful hints. "Patience, Mr. Garwood," said he, "is a necessity in this country, and it is of not the least use for anyone to lose his temper, or to attempt to work at the same high pressure and with the energy one does at home." Poor George! He has now joined the majority. He often used to say: "There is an Arab proverb, which begins and ends with 'gently.'" He had long known the worth of that proverb, and annexed it for his own. He was a gentleman.

On the morning of our first interview, he said: "We, who have to remain in this climate from year's end to year's end, and not like these new Anglo-Indian officials, who seem to take leave when and how they like, have to make a study of this climate, and a very careful one, too. Therefore, whatever you attempt in the way of reform, don't begin now. Wait until this heat is over, and we are well into October. When you decide to go to Boulac, go early in the morning. It is ten chances to one against you catching your man there by appointment. I will let you know where you can find him; and I may tell you now that a lot of his friends down below there (pointing in the direction of Abdeen Palace) are doing their best to keep him in his position."

Boulac was a suburb of Cairo, and is the headquarters of all the Government establishments in connection with the Nile shipping. The Arsenal is there, and it is also the locale of the Government mechanical engineering works, and of the railway works.

The title of "Pasha" is not hereditary, but it is a mistake to think, as do so many of my countrymen, that there are no noble families in the East of Europe, Asia, and in Northern Africa. Some of them, in fact many, trace their descent away back to a date which puts Saxon and Norman pretensions completely in the shade. Many of these families are enormously wealthy, and the eldest male member of the family is regarded and accepted as the head of all his relatives. No matter how

scattered they may be, it is known where the chief, i.e., Shayk, or Sheik, resides, and there is a private family cypher which permits of communication from one to the other. These cyphers defy and confuse all efforts of outsiders who are not acquainted with the code.

Later on, Ismail Pasha Yousrey, myself, and Sami Pasha (a Cretan, who had been for many years connected with the railways), frequently met in the evenings at a semi-private restaurant to enjoy a game of billiards, and both continued my staunch friends and supporters during the whole of the time that I remained in Egypt.



CHAPTER XXV.

PLUNDERING THE EGYPTIANS.

NO time was lost in getting to Boulac and the Government workshops, to take over their direction and management from Ismail Bey Bushnak. I found him in a very decrepit state, suffering from a severe ophthalmic affection, seated cross-legged, with his boots off, on a divan, or couch, in his office. He, likewise, understood English fairly well, but his surroundings were deplorable. Mice, friends of his that he used regularly to feed, I was informed, were running about the office. There was no information forthcoming about anything. I don't think he knew much about matters. It was the Wakeels, or Nazirs, who told him. I said I was prepared to take up the duties as soon as he was ready to hand them over, and, with his permission, I would take a walk through the works. The condition of the rolling stock which I then saw left much to be desired, and the "lame ducks," including locomotives, carriages, and wagons were plentiful, some in a most deplorable state, having been robbed of nearly everything movable (and immovable) to keep those which were in use going. I never saw anything like it, either before or since. The workshops, yards and buildings, large and extensive, were choked with valuable plant in all stages of decay, and in every direction machinery was lying about, some of it never having been unpacked, notably a valuable rolling-mill plant, complete with steam power in every detail, for the manufacture of plate and bar iron. This plant had never

been put together, although the buildings and foundations, that would have done credit to the largest iron works in the world, had been erected—to remain idle and empty for years !

In the sheds of the stores department, I was astonished at the immense quantities of valuable material of every conceivable description for the repair and maintenance of rolling stock, railway plant, telegraphs, etc., files of every sort in thousands, tons and tons of bar steel, all sizes up to 6 inches diameter and 6 inches square, telegraph appliances and apparatus, with hundreds of boxes of delicate mechanical instruments for telegraphists, kegs of paint in scores, axles, axle-boxes, wheels complete, tyres, brass tubes, copper and iron and copper plates, and copper fire-boxes, complete, in rows. There were no less than eight new fire-boxes for one locomotive, and only this one locomotive of its class—a provision for 80 years ahead for this one solitary locomotive ! In all my experience nothing I have seen has ever approached this, and I sincerely hope that I may never see such a thing again. Wasteful extravagance is not the term to use. The Khedive's advisers might well be able to buy estates in England and elsewhere ! I was told later that one steel order alone capped £100,000, and much of this material must be at Boulac yet ! Then, when one was informed that there were large quantities of stores at Gabarri also, one had to marvel how such things could be.

Noticing some empty coffins in the stores at Boulac, I asked what they were in stock for. "Oh !" replied a voice in English behind me, "we never know when it comes ; there's nothing like being ready !" Turning round, I was introduced to Mr. Brown, one of the European foremen. "Well, Mr. Brown, what is the meaning of this ?" "Cholera," was the reply. "It re-appears regularly, sometimes in five years ; always in ten." Mr. Brown had been at Boulac for many years, and was giving an English rendering of the Arab prophecy relative to the "Yellow Air," which, in plain English, meant cholera. I saw its effect later.

From Mr. Brown, I learned that the best of everything, locomotives, etc., etc., were at Alexandria, from which place the train service was worked. "But surely there are regular passenger trains running from here?" I said.

"Oh, yes; some three. All the rest form a sort of go-as-you-please system. There are no time-tables for the goods, or supplementary trains, as they call them. If we have locomotives in order they take the trains; if there are none fit to go, then they have to get one or more from somewhere else."

"How long has this state of things been going on?"

"Ever since I have been here, now many years."

The foreman in charge of the carriage and wagon department was, I found, an old Brighton Railway employe, formerly stationed at New Cross Station, on the Brighton line. He knew me, at any rate by name and repute. in the days before I left that service to go to Russia. Mr. Sidebotham was in poor health. He had been at Boulac for several years, trying to improve matters, but was thwarted in every direction by the system which prevailed with the native official control. Later, I saw to his getting a short leave, but his constitution was gone, and he joined the majority a year or so after.

Truly, Egypt is a wonderful country. I had been but a few days in the land of the Pharaohs and had already found out much. One of the causes of the downfall, later on, of his Highness the Khedive, Ismail Pasha, was stated to have been his extravagance, but he surely could not have been responsible for his advisers. The terrible waste of capital, the thousands and thousands of pounds I had, that morning, seen rotting away in the sun in the shape of railway stores and other plant and material, were obtained on the recommendation of his advisers, some of them my own countrymen. It made me feel downright ashamed of them. Imagine, if you can, rolling-mills to manufacture iron, with not a scrap of iron ore in the country; puddling furnaces, with nothing to puddle; rolls and mills, with no iron to roll; huge furnaces and chimneys made with imported

bricks; engines which had never been put down; machinery still unpacked. The Khedive, Ismail Pasha, clever man as he was, knew nothing of the details of plant for the manufacture of iron. His advisers did, and must have known that the whole thing was a gigantic fraud. I ascertained later that one file order touched £120,000, on which a 30 per cent. commission was paid. But these amounts were mere flea-bites compared with other disclosures which came before me eventually. It all seemed so utterly ridiculous to me that I had to have a hearty laugh with Mr. George when he tried to explain matters. He generally wound up our chats with: "My dear fellow, you have to study your Egypt to understand all this. You have much to learn." There was, indeed, much to learn before I could be brought to believe and understand how this systematic plundering of the Egyptians had become a fine art. However, there was one thing to decide upon, and that was to await as patiently as I could the coming of General Marriott and, in the meantime, with the best means I could obtain, try to fathom the quantity and quality of the rolling stock and nature of the traffic.

It will be as well to state here, and I feel somewhat proud of the fact, that all the time I was at the head of the Locomotive, Carriage, and Wagon Departments of the Egyptian Government Railways, no new rolling stock was purchased. The locomotives, carriages, and wagons were gradually re-built, renewed, and repaired, with the help of the huge accumulation of material I found on my arrival, and on this there appeared to have been but slight impression made at the end of five years! This will enable my readers to be in a position to judge of the state of affairs when I commenced.

CHAPTER XXVI.

PUTTING THE HOUSE IN ORDER.

A FEW days later I made the acquaintance of Scandar Bey Fahmy, who succeeded Betts Bey, a very wise selection. Scandar Bey, now Scandar Pasha, and I became very friendly. He was a descendant of a very old Coptic family, well-educated, and he spoke and wrote English and French well. Scandar Bey gave me his hearty support and assistance in all the improvements which were carried out later, and rendered invaluable aid to the Administration at all times. His knowledge of detail, and the quiet, happy way he had of "untieing knots," as the Arabs express it, were most valuable. But for Scandar Bey Fahmy, the new Administration at the commencement of their work must have fallen, from sheer want of stability. It was his hearty support and tireless energy that made such a polyglot Administration possible.

With Scandar Bey's help, I ascertained that there were 1,125 miles of railways running in various directions (exclusive of the agricultural lines), for which rolling stock had to be provided for a fairly regular passenger service, and for goods trains as the traffic required. There were then no regular, or printed, time-tables, except for the main line passenger trains between Cairo and Alexandria. The branch



HIS EXCELLENCY SCANDAR PASHA FAHMY.

railways were all single lines. To work this traffic, there were 240 locomotives of 62 different types, with 4,060 vehicles of various description, passenger and goods.

I found that the rolling stock had been supplied by nearly every locomotive, carriage, and wagon works of importance in Europe, not forgetting America. Thirty-five per cent., at least, of the rolling stock was "hors de service." Added to this, there was not a single drawing or memorandum of repairs done from time to time at my disposal. I felt very confident that I could accomplish the work of restoring order where chaos then existed. Much depended, however, on the backing I got from General Marriott and his native colleagues. I never anticipated much assistance from the other two European Administrators. The Englishman was too much occupied with his own affairs, when well enough, and the Frenchman, with wondering how on earth he was fortunate enough to obtain the position he held, to be of any practical value in the re-organization of the railways. They both, after the arrival of General Marriott, left the country on leave, and we managed to do without them.

An inspection of the Khediviale train and carriages, together with a locomotive built by Stephenson and Co., of Newcastle, specially set apart and decorated for this one service, was made in company with Scandar Bey Fahmy. The Khedive's train was made in America, and consisted of several saloon carriages, fairly well upholstered. There was one long bogey saloon, with open balcony in the centre, where the Khedive generally sat whilst travelling. The retiring saloons were at each end. The locomotive for the Khedive's train was in good going order, the reason for this, I found, being that as it only went two or three times a year to Alexandria, the engine-driver and fireman had a good time of it between trips, as they did no other work except look after this locomotive.

In a few days I received notice that the Khedive was going to Alexandria, and that I was to accompany the train. On the way down, I remember one of the axle-boxes heated badly, so

that we were compelled to stop to cool down. No particular notice was taken of this irregularity, I observed, at the time. On arriving in Alexandria, we found sand in this particular axle-box, also in several others, reminding me of the "Heathen Chinees" of Bret Harte and blessed memory. However, there was soon found a remedy for this, and the "accident" did not occur again.





HIS HIGHNESS ISMAIL PASHA
(Khedive of Egypt, 1863-1879).

CHAPTER XXVII.

KHEDIVE ISMAIL PASHA.

JUST as we were ready to start, after cooling down, Ismail Pasha Yousrey sent for me to be presented to his Highness the Khedive. This took place on the open balcony of the saloon carriage.

Ismail Pasha, the famous Khedive, the Reformer of Egypt, the man who made the Suez Canal possible, the man who introduced the cultivation of cotton and sugar throughout the length and breadth of the land of Egypt, now the staple industry of the country and source of the greater part of the revenues, who made miles and miles of canals, multiplied the railway accommodation by two, gave sweet water in large quantities from the Nile to Ismailia, Port Said, and Suez, connected the Fayoum oasis by railway with Egypt proper, who ruled Nubia and the Soudan so that a tourist, given the time, could have walked to Khartoum with his carpet bag, walking stick, and field glasses for sole companions, in perfect safety—this Khedive was a short and thick-set man, with a strong, powerful face, and deep set eyes, shining under bushy brows. He was standing by his chair, a little pale from the great heat, I thought, but a grand seigneur every inch of him. I stepped forward as Ismail Pasha Yousrey introduced me with his low salaam, and made my bow, when his Highness immediately shook hands. We spoke in French, and, after I had explained that my hearing was weak, he raised

his voice to a pleasing pitch. We spoke of Russia, the war with Turkey (and the pity of it), the railways and their usefulness. He hoped that I should like my new service, and then, as he turned to speak to someone else, I thought it was an opening for me to move away. The hot axle-box was worrying me far more than my interview with the Khedive. I had hardly made much progress in my retreat, when he asked for me again, and we had another chat, this time about his steamers on the Nile. He wished me to see the Mahrousa, his famous yacht, at Alexandria. Later, I had many opportunities of seeing the famous Khedive, and was one of the last who took farewell of him on board his yacht when he left Egypt, a grand seigneur to the last.

It was a terrible mistake, the removal of Ismail Pasha from the throne of Egypt. It was like moving the main-spring of a watch. Everything got out of gear. Revolt, pestilence, war, Eastern Soudan, Gordon, Central Soudan—all followed; and the history of Egypt is far from being yet complete. The natives are absolutely without fear, and cannot be made to fear. Ask Kipling, and who told him of Fuzzy Wuzzy! With the new leaders in power in Egypt, England may now be told by them that all is going well. On the surface, yes. It will never be anything else. The Egyptians, the Nubians, the Soudanese, will never give in or accept any form of settled government at the hands of Europeans, or indeed of any Christian country. You may slaughter, you may kill, you may teach them to fight and kill each other, you may try and stamp them out, but they will come again and again, and when the Anglo-Indians, the etc., have passed away, and British rule, perhaps, as well, the Egyptians, the Nubians, the Soudanese will hold their own again as in the past. Kismet!

Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, was born at Cairo in 1830, and was grandson of the famous Mahomet Ali Pasha, who, by the slaughter of the Mameluke rulers of Egypt, became master of the country. Ismail Pasha succeeded his uncle, Said Pasha,

in 1863. When I saw him for the first time he was about 45 years of age, stout, but not awkward, with an eye clear and bright. A chat with him at any time, and upon any subject, was exceptionally interesting owing to his wonderful grasp of a subject, even to details. After an audience with him, one went away feeling that one had met a great man.

On arrival at Alexandria with the Khedive, I went to see the English Administrator of the railways to report matters. He was still unwell, but hoped to be able to go to Cairo in a few days, as he had taken a house in the Ismailia quarter there, then known as the European quarter. I also had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of several of the English residents, and the then leading barrister practising at the newly-established Law Courts, a Mr. Lawrence Kirby, with whom I arranged one or two little private legal matters, and who ultimately became a staunch and intimate friend until his death, which took place under the most distressing circumstances at Cairo.

After going over the passenger locomotive sheds again the next day, and making the personal acquaintance of the staff, I returned to Cairo in the evening. It was painfully evident to me that I could not stop sand being put into the axle-boxes of the Khediviale train until I had taken over authority at Boulac. Pressure was put on for an official circular concerning my appointment, as matters were practically at a deadlock. After much persuasion, my interview with the Khedive probably settling the matter, a Circular Order was issued to the officials throughout the railways stating and confirming my appointment, and then Ismail Bey Bushnak retired, leaving me a free hand.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENERAL MARRIOTT.

WHEN General Marriott came back. He was a British officer and a gentleman, the beau-ideal of the phrase. I met him at Alexandria, and shall never forget the meeting. The Khedive Ismail Pasha could appreciate disinterested service from men of the stamp of General Marriott, Mr. Rowsell, Major Baring, General Goldsmith, and others, but when it came to Anglo-Indians, such as those I could name, it was another matter. If my recollection serves me, I think there were two "Saviours of India" amongst the Anglo-Indian officials at Cairo at one time. Another was only lent for as long as India could spare him. It was of this official, when he went on "long leave," that the Khedive, opening the window, made use of the now famous expression, "Quel beau vent!"

General Marriott and I, after visiting the workshops, stores and wharves at Gabarri, to the west of Alexandria, returned to Cairo together, and in a few days the whole subject of the re-organization of the service was reduced to writing, discussed, and thrashed out. Carte blanche was given me to make the workshops at Boulac and Alexandria what they became later. The enormous accumulation of valuable, but unused, plant and material was to be utilised, the rolling stock re-constructed in Egypt, and re-built to meet requirements, and a new departure established with regard to the train service.

The following were the first batch of reforms introduced:—

- (1). The doing away with the Nazirs, or buffers between the European superintendents, the foremen, and native workmen.
- (2). The appointment of several native foremen to branch shops.



LT.-GENERAL W. F. MARRIOTT.

(3). The making of the foremen of the various workshops responsible for the work, the workmen, the cost, and the material consumed. (4). A system of monthly accounts. (5). Time offices with tickets for each workman, as in England. (6). The closing of many of the coaling stations. (7). The keeping of the service locomotives to their respective divisions. (8). The division of the railways into five locomotive districts, with district Locomotive Superintendents responsible to me for the good order of their locomotives, the close control of the drivers, their consumption of fuel and other materials, etc. (9) An improved medical service. (10). A regular time-table for both passenger and goods service, with trains running as nearly as possible to time-table, according to the fixed number of the train. These reforms were soon licked into shape at the morning interviews with General Marriott. Soon, a vast improvement in the service was manifest all round. Every section of the railways, even to Siout, in Upper Egypt, and to the Fayoum oasis, to the west of the Nile Valley, was thoroughly inspected, the requirements noted, and something done to improve matters. Mr. Lee Smith, C.E., had been appointed Chief Engineer of the permanent way, and he was an exceedingly pleasant and agreeable colleague.

At Imbabweh, where the sheds for the locomotives working the upper Egypt traffic were situated, there was a steam ferry to cross the Nile to the workshops and offices at Boulac. This ferry, or floating-bridge, was fitted with an adjustable platform to meet the rise and fall of the river, and was formerly at Kafr-Zayat station on the main line, where now a fine railway bridge crosses the Nile. The ferry, a fine piece of work, was built to take trains and locomotives from one side of the river to the other, but had been long idle. I got it in working order again, and it was invaluable for dealing with the Upper Egypt traffic from the east to the west side of the river.

A very ugly story used to be told about this floating bridge, when it was working at Kafr-Zayat, on the direct line between Alexandria and Cairo, or rather between the banks of the

Damietta branch of the Nile at that station. A special carriage, with several princes of the Khediviale family, went clean over the end of it into the river one night, and the occupants were, of course, never seen again. It was this accident that made the late Ismail Pasha heir-apparent to the throne of Egypt. He was to have been a member of the party, but, fortunately for him, he remained at home. Of course, it was an accident, and knowing the native railway officials well now, and their absent-mindedness generally, I can quite understand that the stop-blocks to prevent the carriages from going too far had not been set, and were forgotten.

We were at Zagazig when the great change came, and the new departure took place, when, for the first time in the history of the Egyptian Railways, trains were running all over the country to printed time-tables, and, as we heard from all sides, with the best results. My friend Scandar Bey was delighted with his handiwork, and Ismail Pasha Yousrey, in his happy, jocular way, said: "Well, Mr. Garwood, you have made us all Russians. Now I am going to make you a Turk." And he forthwith sent for a tarboosh (or fez), the red head-gear of all Turkish and Egyptian officials, and presented it to me. He was quite delighted when I took to wearing it regularly when on duty, with the Stambouline frock coat. He said nothing annoyed his Highness the Khedive so much as when he saw his officials on duty not clad in the official dress.

The re-organization of the workshops continued, extensive alterations went on apace at Boulac, and Gabarri, and the capacity of the workshops for handling a larger amount of work rapidly developed. Small shops, to deal with light repairs as they cropped up, were erected at Zagazig, and Imbabweh, and the huge foundry at Boulac was brought into use for the first time for casting metal; from the accumulations of old scrap iron we were soon able to make our own castings, and to re-cast the bell or pot sleepers for the permanent way. The water supply at the out stations next engaged attention. A better service

was organized, thus preventing the heavy delays to trains which formerly were so common, through waiting for water.

Besides the workshops for the railway service at Boulac, there was another extensive establishment known as the Amalyat, that came under my control, to deal with any other Government work, Nile steamers, dredgers, pumping plant, etc. Every boat on the Nile had to pass the survey of the Amalyat, and receive a certificate of registration, load-line, capacity, etc. These load certificates were formerly given in writing, and led to much fraud, deceit and speculation. I altered this and made the certificates of cast-iron, which immensely pleased the Arab boatmen. Important work was done in the Amalyat workshops for every department of the Government service as occasion required, under the special supervision of a native engineer, Mahomet Effendi Ali, one of my assistants, a very clever, capable man, and an Egyptian "pur sang."

Attached to these works were technical mechanical schools, including the teaching of practical mechanics, under the direction of Guigon Bey, a good French engineer. Guigon Bey and I were soon on friendly, and, later, on intimate terms, and many pleasant hours we spent together, trying to improve the practical knowledge of the young Egyptian in various trades and handicrafts, "a l'Européen." These lads, as they finished school, were drafted into the railway service to eventually become engine-drivers or skilled mechanics in the workshops, and about the country generally. Thus gradually the reign of chaos ceased, and order was established. The great changes made soon produced results. After the first six months' working, in the consumption of coal alone the difference was astonishing. In this item, the quantity for the year 1877 was brought down to 56,329 tons, as against 81,350 tons in 1876. The reduction in the number of coaling depots about the country no doubt helped much, but I think the double-check over the delivery weigh-bridge at Gabarri Wharf had something to do with the matter. I had heard of vessels being cleared of a

full cargo, and then selling coal at other ports in the Mediterranean on the return journey. The same old story, in yet another form, of plundering the Egyptians!

General Marriott had also been good enough to sanction the appointment of a Travelling Locomotive Inspector, one of my old staff from Russia, Mr. Richard Harle, who went about everywhere on the railways watching the locomotives, and instructing the native drivers how to work economically. He did an immense amount of good amongst the native engine-drivers, reporting direct to me.

It was about this time that I was brought into direct collision with what was known as the Dual Control—the cause of all the misery and mischief in Egypt from its inception to its downfall. The French Administrator of the railways, as I have already mentioned, considered himself an expert on railway traffic management, and at his instigation a series of rules and regulations were laid down. One was the abolition of the written starting order, which the Stationmaster handed to the driver when starting the train, or, in other words, there being no signal-boxes or block-system between stations by telegraph, to prevent accidents, the Stationmaster was personally to see to the starting of the trains. I insisted on the retention of the starting order, owing to the proverbial forgetfulness of the native employés, my object being to save chance collisions between stations by trains over-lapping each other. One other, and the most important reason was, that it secured the presence of the Stationmaster at the station when the trains were about. The French Administrator said that an “*officier-de-service*” had no right to challenge an order given by an Administrator. My reply to that was, that I held the appointment of “*chef-de-service*” direct from the Khedive, as he did his as Administrator, by virtue of Article XXVII. of the decree, dated 18th November, 1876, and that I would ask for an enquiry rather than give up what I considered one of the best safeguards against accidents

that could possibly be framed. For a day or two matters waxed warm, but the starting order was retained, much to the disgust of the Frenchman. I think this was what is known as a "try on." I was never troubled much by the French Administrator afterwards.

The English Administrator was still away, and had applied for an extension of leave—it is astonishing how fond the Anglo-Indian is of leave. I had left the house I rented from him in the European quarter at Cairo, having fortunately secured the flat formerly occupied by the manager of one of the English banks in Cairo, who was leaving Egypt, all ready furnished and complete, within easy reach of General Marriott's residence. My wife and I were soon happily settled down, and when the winter came, enjoyed our share of the picnics, outings, and festivities during the season. The winter of 1877-78 was exceptionally enjoyable, several families whose acquaintances we made remaining throughout the winter. Shephard's balcony, close to our flat, was the general rendezvous in the evenings after dinner.

The year 1878 saw the railways working well under the new traffic arrangements, and the results at the year end were surprising. The traffic had been less, owing to what is known as "a bad Nile," which means that the Nile has not reached the maximum height at the annual flood, a considerable acreage of land being thereby thrown out of cultivation. The grain traffic from April to June was good, but the cotton and sugar crops in the autumn did not nearly approach the average.

The coal consumption had gone down to 39,167 tons in 1878, compared with 56,329 tons in 1877, and 81,350 tons in 1876. The purchases of stores and material had fallen tremendously—from £295,362 in 1876, to £182,691 in 1878, a difference of over £100,000. The service generally had improved in efficiency, as shown in General Marriott's report to the Government as follows:—

"In our report for 1877, we stated that in consequence of

the activity of the Engineer-in-Chief of the Locomotive and Carriage Department, Mr. A. E. Garwood, the service had shown remarkable improvement. This year (1878) important improvements have further been made. During the year, 66 locomotives, 168 passenger carriages, etc., and 2,150 goods wagons have undergone heavy repairs, and 25 locomotives, 15 carriages, and 2,471 goods trucks light repairs. One locomotive has been re-constructed and altered into a tank engine; nine baggage wagons have been fitted with brakes; 61 passenger carriages and 104 goods wagons have been repainted, 1,270 tyres renewed, and 196 wagons fitted with new axle-boxes. There have also been over 10,000 pot sleepers re-cast at the foundry, from old material. In 1878, we have realised a further reduction on the consumption of fuel, say 25 per cent less than the quantity consumed in 1877. The reduction realised in 1877 was due to some extent to the measures taken to prevent robbery and loss at the numerous coal depots, and general neglect. This year, the reduction is the result of more economy in working the locomotives, and the better control introduced by Mr. Garwood. During the year, we have also been able to place the stores department generally on a firmer footing. Stock has been taken, and a simple check with simplified accounts introduced. Under the old administrations, the accounts were kept in a very elaborate manner, without deriving any real benefit from the same. Each article and its value were charged to and debited against the individual employe, which really meant an enormous number of individual current accounts. No control of these accounts was made, and the value of the article still remained in the books, whether it had been used or not, and was never charged out until the employe ceased to belong to the service, or died, when the material had to be accounted for. In many instances years would have passed away.

“(Signed),

“W. F. MARRIOTT, President,

“Egyptian Railway Administration.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

NATIVE ADMINISTRATION.

THE extract in the last chapter from the General's report for 1878 is a fair explanation of the most extraordinary system of accounts it was ever my lot to unravel. It was only after much study that the true meaning of it could be in any way understood. The system was Pharaonic, and had been handed down to the Egyptians of to-day by the ancient races of Egypt from ages long past. Now, as in the days of old, everyone sought a position under the Government, and every Government official did his best to get as much Government property confided to his care as possible. It made his position more secure. The greater his responsibility in this respect, the higher his status, until he eventually became quite an important official, eligible for promotion to any rank. His guarantors would also improve their position in proportion accordingly amongst their friends. This system became a terrible weapon in the hands of the clerical departments of the various Government offices of the administration of Egypt, hence the respect with which these Bashkatibs, or chief clerks, are even now regarded in Egypt. The chief clerk of a section, or department, however large or small, would have the employe under his thumb in the grand register book of his office, well knowing that he could not produce what was written to his debit. It was woe betide the man who did not recognise that authority; therefore, the chief clerks and their enormous following reigned supreme, and this state of things went on for

ever under the threat of a settling day should there be an inclination to rebel. As a matter of fact, it was the foundation of the centuries of corruption and maladministration practised in the land of the Pharaohs.

When of late years the heavy importation of valuable mechanical appliances of every sort came about, the system became worse than ridiculous. The generations of Egyptians to come owe a great debt of gratitude to the late General Marriott for so thoroughly exposing this vile and rotten state of affairs. It may be the system did not do so much harm in the old days, but when the purchases of plant and material represented enormous values, machinery of every description, steamboats, railway plant, rolling stock, sugar and cotton mills, etc., to be handed over to the care of individual responsibility, it made Egypt a veritable Eldorado for the foreign agents and clerical departments. When changing this system of keeping accounts, an alteration which would never have been made, in my humble opinion, but for the energy and indomitable perseverance of the late General Marriott, some of the most comical, ridiculous, and at the same time distressing cases cropped up which caused the General and myself to wonder how in the world matters could have gone on so long as they had. It became a regular thing for me to hunt up something special to tell and amuse him. The responsibilities of many of the native employes in my department were particularly heavy owing to the nature of the service.

"Well, Garwood," he would say, "any more account keeping this morning?"

"Yes, General; there is a case at Suez just cropped up. The carpenter there, now known as the Carriage and Wagon Examiner, is old, decrepit, and I want to move him and put a younger man in his place, but he will not move. He is over head and ears in debt to the Government, and has repeatedly asked for a clearance to retire, but cannot get it."

"Well, surely that can be arranged now?"

"No sir, a very serious item blocks the way; nothing more or less than the pavilion, built at Ismalia, for the use of the Empress of the French at the opening of the Suez Canal. Besides that, he has sheets of materials used during the construction of the Suez line, and the engineer who was his chief, died some years ago, so that he cannot get a certificate to effect his clearance."

"Nonsense; you must be joking!"

"No sir, there are plenty of such cases. Then again, the pavilion he built is at the bottom of Lake Timsah, blown there during a violent storm."

I had something further to tell the General. "Rugbi Effendi has 17 locomotives debited to him, and as their numbers, classification, and depots have been changed, he is wandering about all over the railways to see if they are still in existence!"

"Now, now," said the General, "that is too absurd."

"Fact, sir; and the carpenter I mentioned just now visits Ismalia occasionally to see if there is a wee bit of the pavilion sticking out of the water. He says that his guarantors will have to pay up some day if this pavilion does not turn up."

"Too absurd! too ridiculous!" said the General impatiently. "Such a system would ruin any country."

"I think it has ruined Egypt, sir. I hear and see daily that it is the same in every department, only mine appears to be the most expensive one."

"Well, we have put a stop to all that nonsense now, and. I hope, for ever," said the General, and I retired.

I had been at the Government Mint a few days before, in the citadel, to report on some repairs to be done to some coining machinery, and found lying about, all over the place, a valuable plant for coining gold and silver, with all the latest improvements. Much of it had never been unpacked—and never will be if the employe who gave a receipt for it can help it. It was the same at Suez in my time.

Partly buried in the sand there, was a full equipment

of everything for mechanical workshops, from steam hammers to sledge-hammers, for 200 workmen, intended for Khartoum. It was never sent on. The official who received it at Suez would have to go to Khartoum to get a clearance, so he preferred to hold fast to it at Suez. This system accounted for the overwhelming mass of material and stores scattered all over the country, and it seemed to me that the specialists, the advisers of the Government, must have known of this, because once delivered, and a receipt given, with a friend in the Chief Clerk's offices, payment would be made by an order on the Ministry.

Had there been a check and control over the consumption and supply, the plundering of the Egyptians could not have been so barefaced. Then again, it is possible, I hope probable, that the parties responsible for these enormous purchases did not know of the immense stocks already on hand. When I mentioned this to General Marriott, he said: "I will have the ridiculous account keeping changed in my administration '*coute qui coute*!'" And he did!

The Khedive knew something of this, I am convinced, and was cognisant of the wire-pulling, but he was powerless to go into details, as he had no assistance save what came from those interested in the matter. It will ever be remembered that one day, in his anger at the exposure of some of this corruption, he made short work of the Finance Minister, i.e., the Chief Bash-Katib. The Khedive took him for a short drive, and, it is said, put him on board a steamer, and banished him up the river to the White Nile. He was never heard of again. I have heard it stated that this man's fortune exceeded £3,000,000 sterling!

The *modus operandi* of the wire-pullers would be as follows. A certain scheme would be recommended and sanctioned, and the materials ordered and delivered. A certificate would then be obtained from the Engineer that it was what was required. The chief clerical officer of this or that department would take a note of this, and obtain from the

native official who took charge of the material or plant a formal receipt. Two or three months later, the account would be presented at the Ministry in figures which would make an ordinary merchant green with envy. Protests against the excessive charges in the accounts might, perhaps, be lodged by the Egyptians. Such protests would, of course, be of no avail. Payment would perhaps be held over under threat of an enquiry, when recourse would be had at once to the Consular Court by the merchant's agent, and the pressure necessary to compel payment was rarely, if ever, refused by this court. It has been estimated that in the four years preceding 1868, Consular influence extorted from the Egyptian Government the enormous sum of £2,880,000 in satisfaction of claims brought without any judicial sanction whatever!

His Highness the Khedive Ismail Pasha showed a firmer front to these exactions than did his predecessor, but it is notorious that down to the beginning of 1876, the Khediviale estates (known as the *Daira's*) especially, continued to be squeezed for many thousands of pounds, to which the claimants could plead no right that would be recognised by an European tribunal. The success of these demands was locally explained in one way, which said more for the zeal than the disinterestedness of the official advocacy employed.

In 1867 this state of things had become so intolerable that the Egyptian Government began a movement for reform. In 1869, a committee was appointed consisting of British, French, Austrian, Prussian, Russian, and Italian delegates, to substitute for the then existing state of chaos, jurisdictions which should deal alike with natives and foreigners, and be vested in courts of the first instance. On New Year's Day, 1876, when also the Gregorian was officially accepted in lieu of the old Coptic calendar, Riza Pasha, then Minister of Justice, opened the new Courts of Justice at Alexandria, and it was remarked at the time how speedily many of the engineers and contractors who had exploited Egypt sought a change of climate!

One more instance of this remarkable state of affairs, and I have done. I found that many of the locomotives had their tenders crowded with tool-boxes (the regulation number is one or two only). Upon enquiry, I found that the drivers had given temporary receipts for these boxes, and if they changed their locomotives through break-down or repairs, the boxes went with them to their next locomotive, and so on "ad lib." When there was no longer room for these boxes, they were given into the care of relatives and friends. To stop this was no light task, but eventually, it was done. Again, these boxes in many instances were mere cloaks for the carrying of letters and parcels from one part of Egypt to the other; in fact, there was a regular post and parcels delivery carried on by the drivers, both native and foreign. An order was issued to collect all superfluous boxes from the locomotives, and the drivers were warned by notice that letter and parcel carrying was not allowed. Whilst in charge of the locomotive service of Egypt, I made it a practice to have these notices read to each driver and his signature appended, that is to say, the document was stamped with his private seal, thus intimating that he had read it or had had it read to him in Arabic, etc.

A short time after this, I was in my office, and heard the sharp "Quack quack" of a lot of ducks emanating from the tender of a locomotive which had just come in. I immediately sent for my assistant, the District Superintendent, Monsieur Choisey. The tender was overhauled, and a score or so of ducks found swimming about on the water inside the tender. I sent for the driver, and he had the impertinence to declare that the ducks were mine. I was furious, and made enquiries at home, but found that no ducks had been ordered, neither were any expected. The driver was aware that I received vegetables and garden produce in the regular way from whence he had arrived, and thought that the best plan to get out of the scrape was to plant the ducks on to me. The next day he explained that he saw I was very angry, so made the excuse on

the spur of the moment, and as I was "looking the picture of health" that morning, he hoped I would look over it—a diplomatic way the natives have of getting out of a scrape. The ducks were intended for a friend of his, he said, who had a small farm near Boulac. What could one do with men like that? Of course, the enquiry was over, and nothing remained to be done. An Egyptian is never at a loss for an answer, and if he can find out before-hand what kind of an answer will smooth your feelings, he is all the better pleased with himself.

The certificate I referred to previously of load capacity for the cargo-boats on the Nile, of which there are some thousands, gave much trouble. The certificates got tampered with, or destroyed, the boats then turning up again for re-registration. The boatmen who could not read were held up by the clerical department of the locks and bridges, where dues were collected, and were quite powerless to obtain redress. One of my assistants, Mahomed Effendi Ali, before-mentioned, who was employed specially upon this load certificate business, was often nearly worried out of his existence by all the annoyance connected with it. One day he told me so, and I then decided, as related, to make the certificates of cast-iron, in the shape of a plaque to be attached to the boat, with its number and load capacity, as registered, cast on the plate. This was done, much to the satisfaction of the boatmen, but I much fear not so the employes at the canal locks, etc. When a boatman had his boat laid up for repairs, he would carry his plate about with him or hang it suspended round his neck.



CHAPTER XXX.

THE FEVER—AND PLEASANT TIMES.

IN the autumn of 1878, the intense heat began to tell upon my constitution, and I had my first Egyptian experience of malarial or dingue fever. I got away down to Ramle, on the coast, in good time, taking a run to Corfu to meet my brother Henry, the Chief Engineer of H.M.S. *Rapid*, with the Mediterranean Fleet. I had a most enjoyable time. The First Lieutenant being on leave, I was made free of his berth, and joined the ward-room mess. Captain Fitzgerald was kind enough to lend us a boat, and I had a little shooting on the Albanian coast. The few days I had to spare passed all too quickly in the society of my brother and his colleagues, the Navigating Officer, Lieutenant Bulmore, the Surgeon, the Paymaster (Mr. Forrest), and the other ward-room officers, who were hospitality personified. Returning to Alexandria, I had another attack of fever, which forced me to seek rest again at the hotel at Ramle, where I found a Mr. Scott, an agriculturist of some repute, sent out from England to survey some estates in Egypt. He was in a very bad state of health, at times

delirious, and down with a severe attack of fever. Nursing him and keeping indoors out of reach of the sun for a few days soon put me right, and Scott improved quickly.

We were busily talking over his affairs one day, when in rushed an Englishman, a Mr. Archer Shee. "Mr. Garwood," said he, "you are my countryman. Give me your help!"

"Certainly; what is it?"

"I have been followed by three men connected with the Customs Department for having suspended them, and there they are now coming up the garden path!"

Mr. Shee had recently been appointed Director of Customs, and had doubtless found out some of the clerical tricks I knew so well.

The three men rushed into the room in which we were, and were evidently surprised to see us. They, however, began threatening and abusing Mr. Shee. This would not do, and we said so. Shee, too, would not stand it any longer, and wanted to "go for" the lot.

Scott and I then stepped in with: "We don't know anything about the quarrel, friends, but you don't attack this gentleman in our presence. So all three of you take our advice and clear out, for if you touch him you will find that we mean business!"

This good advice remained unheeded, so we told Shee to "go in," and we would look after the other two. It was soon over, and they were out of the room and down the garden, making tracks for the station, in a very short time and in a sorry plight. They declared they did not understand "*la boxe Anglaise!*" I don't think they ever interfered with Mr. Shee again.

The winter season of 1878-79 went by very pleasantly. Nearly all our friends of the previous winter came back, and were pleased to renew the friendships formed during our first acquaintance. Amongst them were Lord and Lady Francis Conyngham, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Baird, of Urie, and family,

Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn, and others. Lord Francis was the life and soul of several happy evenings at Shepheard's Hotel that winter, and the pleasant times spent in their rooms were most enjoyable.

Lord Francis, who had known my eldest brother Robert in the old "Furious," with the Black Sea Fleet, during the Crimean War, made a long stay, and frequently invited us to join their parties. There were merry excursions to the Pyramids, Memphis, and the desert, finally winding up with a picnic and ball at the chalet at the Pyramids, originally built for the Empress of the French, and lent by the Khedive to Lord Francis. I think every visitor in Cairo attended that ball. I got leave, and, with my wife, enjoyed a happy week in camp with the party, spending the time at the Pyramids and on the desert in the neighbourhood. I had also some very good shooting again during that winter with General W. Paget and my friend M. Camille Vetter, of Zagazig, a noted sportsman. On several occasions the bags we made were heavy, and later in the season the quail sent into Cairo surprised everyone. M. Camille Vetter and I were staunch friends during the several years we spent together in Egypt, and many pleasant shootings we enjoyed in each others' company.

Egypt simply abounds with wild fowl in the winter, and in the spring with quail. I have also done some wolf and wild pig shooting in the Fayoum district. It was here what became known to our friends as the famous "Paget Cobra" was shot.

General Paget and I were out for a day's shooting, and he had killed his snipe when, just at that moment, I, being a few yards behind him, saw a cobra of big dimensions rise to strike at him. My gun went down, and so did the snake.

The General turned round sharply. "By jove, Garwood, what was that? That shot was very close."

"Look behind you, General," said I.

He looked, and then sprang clear, and gave the snake his second dose. He then came to shake hands, saying, "It was

a close shave, old man. That brute meant mischief. Let's get out of this. These gentry generally hunt in couples."

I have that snake now, and the souvenir pipe the General gave me later on, but Mr. Cobra in spirits of wine does not look half as mischievous as he did that morning in Egypt. The villagers near were very pleased at the incident, as they knew of the snake being in their neighbourhood. Had it not been shot, in another moment it would undoubtedly have struck the General, and there is no known cure for the bite of a cobra when in a fury.



CHAPTER XXXI.

ISMAIL PASHA, THE KHEDIVE.

WITH the month of April, 1879, at hand, and the hot Kamseen winds threatening, our friends were preparing for their homeward flight, and I to work again, preparatory to a trip to Europe later on.

Political rumours of all kinds were in the air about this time, and much pressure was brought to bear on his Highness the Khedive with a view to certain changes in the financial administration of the country.

At Boulac, the workshops were assuming more and more the appearance of a well-established and going concern, and the re-building of the rolling stock went on at such a rate that there was no difficulty in keeping pace with the traffic requirements. I had lost the services of Mr. Sidebotham, and on recommending Mr. Hamilton for the vacant post, received the following minute dated May 5th, No. 1,545, 1879:—

“The Board of Administration desire to give Mr. Garwood every assistance, and sanction the employment of Mr. Hamilton as proposed by him. But the Board is disappointed that neither Mr. Sidebotham nor Mr. Redman should have yet trained any native workmen sufficiently to enable them to succeed to such a vacancy. In all appointments of European workmen, there is a double purpose, both the immediate execution of the work

and the training of native workmen, and the Board will be much obliged by Mr. Garwood's confidential report on the means of filling such posts eventually by native workmen.

“(Signed),

“W. F. MARRIOTT, President.”

I quote this document because it was represented a few years later that I had utilized native workmen, and made them foremen, for other reasons—an invention of a certain Anglo-Indian cabal in Cairo. I told the Khedive when he spoke to me on the matter that as long as I was wanted at Boulac, there I would remain, but not a moment longer.

It was about this time that the Khedive wished to give me the rank of my predecessor, and also to pay a visit to the workshops at Boulac. All was in order for the visit, when a message came from General Marriott that word had been received from the Palace, with his Highness's compliments, that he would not be coming. It appeared that a few of the European officials objected to his bestowing any such rank upon me. The Khedive's reply to them was: “Very well; if I am not allowed to thank my own officials in my own way, I will not go down to Boulac at all!” General Marriott and I enjoyed a good laugh over the situation. A man such as the Khedive was not to be dictated to by a knot of officials in his service.

Shortly after this Ismail Pasha, Khedive of Egypt, resigned the throne. He was “*trop grand Seigneur*” to stand the badgering of European officialdom, and although there was a strong party of his own people anxious for him to make a fight for it and so vindicate his authority, he nevertheless, to save bloodshed, voluntarily gave way. This was in June, 1879, and, at the instance of the Western Powers, he was deposed by the Sultan, his deposition being quickly followed by the proclamation of his eldest son as Khedive. If he had chosen to take a different course, goodness knows what the result would have been.

The title of Khedive, or King, was purchased by the Khedive Ismail Pasha from the Sultan in 1866. The same Firman made the succession to the throne of Egypt direct from father to son, and confirmed the title as hereditary, instead of, according to Turkish law, allowing the succession to fall to the eldest male member of the family. In 1872, the Sultan granted to the Khedive the right (which was withdrawn in 1879) of concluding treaties, and of maintaining an army, thus virtually creating him a Sovereign power. Thus secure on an hereditary throne, his Highness Khedive Ismail Pasha began a series of vast internal reforms, built roads, constructed bridges and light-houses, laid down railways, inaugurated telegraphs, re-organized the postal service, improved the harbours of Suez, Port Said, and Alexandria, supported education, and introduced mixed courts of law. Extending his dominions southwards, he annexed Darfur in 1874, and in that and the following year pushed his conquests further afield. Through Sir Samuel Baker, and later General Gordon, Governors of the Soudan, the Khedive endeavoured to suppress the slave trade in these territories.

In order to provide funds for his vast undertakings he sold to Great Britain, in 1875, 176,602 shares in the Suez Canal for £3,976,558, now, at their enhanced value, representing a sum of about £24,312,000 sterling. The interest and dividend received by the British Government on them in 1900 was £801,818! It would be interesting to know how much of this amount goes to the Egyptian Exchequer.

I saw a good deal of the deposed monarch during those latter days, and accompanied the special train which took him from Cairo to Alexandria, when he decided to leave the country. I was on the station platform at Alexandria with the crowd assembled to see him walk away and embark on his yacht in the port of Alexandria, and again went on board the yacht itself to take a last farewell of him. Right through, from beginning to end, I was much struck with the air of "grand Seigneur" which seemed to be part and parcel of this extraordinary man.



HIS HIGHNESS THEWFIK PASHA
(Khedive of Egypt, 1879).

I turned to General Marriott, when all was at an end, and said: "What does it mean, General?"

His reply was characteristic. "Ah! Garwood, it is a blunder; a great, a terrible mistake." And a terrible mistake it has proved itself to be. From June, 1879, when this great man, the mainspring of the delicate mechanism of government, that ruled the land of Egypt, went into exile, to June, 1899, and since, there has been nothing but overwhelming difficulties and fighting in the territories and dominions over which Khedive Ismail once ruled. A great man he went into exile, and a great man he died at Constantinople. His body was afterwards taken to Egypt, and buried with those of his race who had pre-deceased him, in the Mosque Mehemet Ali, at the Citadel of Cairo, not far from the spot where he was wont to stand and watch the re-building of the famous city, which was practically re-constructed in its entirety under him.

This mistake has already cost England much of her best blood and vast treasure, and I fear will cost more yet.

His Highness Thewfik Pasha, the new Khedive, and I, were personally acquainted. I had been on several occasions to his Palace at Kouba, near Cairo. He was a quiet, unostentatious gentleman, seemingly far more fitted for the life of a country gentleman than to be ruler of an intriguing and disaffected people, who declined to be badgered by a small knot of European officials. He was far too good to be Khedive of Egypt. However, he manfully accepted the responsibilities, heavy as they were, and passed away all too soon for Egypt.



CHAPTER XXXII.

RAILWAY COMMUNICATION WITH THE SOUDAN.

SOON after this, towards the autumn, I went to Europe, returning a couple of months later to take up my duties again. Matters went on comfortably and quietly in all things connected with my department. General Marriott, who had been to Europe, also returned.

About this time the question of the best means for railway communication with Central Africa was being discussed. My opinion being asked on the subject, my ideas were embodied in the following memorandum, which I reproduce in full, in view of the importance of the subject:—

“ RAILWAY COMMUNICATION WITH CENTRAL AFRICA.

“ MEMORANDUM ON SOUDAN RAILWAY.

“I am of opinion that the existing scheme up the Nile Valley, etc., to get to the Soudan by railway will not be carried out. It is very probable that when the Engineer submitted his report he was confined to the one district, and that had he been allowed to advise he would not have recommended the route adopted to reach the Soudan. Ismail Pasha, the Khedive, it is said, would hear of no other route, and disliked the idea opening up Central African commerce with a Red Sea port. However, it is of no practical use raking up old discussions;

the fact remains that the Soudan Railway, as at present projected, is regarded as a failure, and in all probability, looking at the enormous capital required to complete it, will be abandoned indefinitely. The question now comes, what is to be done with the valuable plant intended for the Soudan Railway, representing several hundred thousand pounds, and now rotting away on the desert and other places?

“I say, transport the plant to Berber or Souakim, and use it for the construction of the Khartoum, Berber, and Souakim Railway, the route—and the only one, in my opinion, with a prospect of success—that will open up the Soudan and Central African trade with the great highway, the sea.

“It is a fundamental principle of railway construction that railways are made to shorten transport time, to give increased facility to deliver from the produce district, and to afford the opportunity of quick exchange of goods and merchandise. Setting apart all other difficulties, the projected scheme to get to the Soudan by railway does not admit this principle. Moreover, had the line ever been completed, the river would have beaten the Soudan Railway for transport purposes, except through those districts where navigation is difficult, in exactly the same way as the Egyptian Railways are beaten by the water transport in lower Egypt, when time is of no object. The Souakim scheme admits of no competition, excepting by camel, and Khartoum would be brought within six days of the sea, or twelve days for merchandise (allowing four days of the twelve for receiving and delivering), against forty days required now.

“With regard to the difficulties to be met with in constructing a railway between Souakim on the Red Sea, and Berber on the Nile, I cannot write with confidence, having never visited that neighbourhood; but from the description of the desert tracks between Souakim and Berber by Schweinfurth, Paul Gussfeldt, and Ernest Marco, I see no reason to apprehend any very serious obstacle, and I do not think the difficulties will be

so great as the railway construction I had to do with in Russia, more particularly the Crimean Railway, where gradients one in a hundred were the rule, and not the exception. I allude to that portion of the railway between Sevastopol and Simpheropol. The Russian railways have a 5ft. guage. I believe it possible, with a 3ft. 6in. light-guage railway, to be able to overcome any difficulties of gradient or curve. However, before going into details on this subject, it would be necessary to survey and inspect the district.

"This memorandum must be taken as written more with a view to revive the Soudan Railway scheme. It would be a grand thing for Gordon Pasha to complete the good work he has done in the Soudan by placing the capital, Khartoum, "en rapport" with the sea, say six days. The steamer on a larger scale I made at the Boulac Government Works, Cairo, is the style of boat to run between Berber and Khartoum. It is understood that when calling the railway the Khartoum, Berber, and Souakim Railway, I mean the railway from Souakim to Berber, and light, quick steamers from Berber to Khartoum and back.

"With regard to the railway plant now in Egypt intended for the Soudan Railway, if my information is correct, there are : 58 miles of rails, and fastenings, with sleepers, 6 locomotives, 55 goods trucks, 4 brake vans, 2 covered goods vans, and a large quantity of workshop plant, etc., etc., at Wadihalfa. There are also six completed locomotives and other appliances in England.

"What I would suggest is this: Utilise every scrap of material in the country, and commence making a permanent railway, either from Berber or Souakim end, with the plant now in Egypt, and continue the line with a light timber tramway until the capital can be found to make the railway permanent throughout. Where camels can go, I see nothing in the shape of serious obstruction to prevent a tramway (similar to the enclosed tracing) from being put down in sections. It is to be understood



STEAM LAUNCH "CAIRENE."

Built, Engined, and Boilered at Boulac Government Works, Cairo,
for His Excellency Nubar Pasha.

that I do not advocate the tramway if the capital can be found to finish the railway through. (The tramway, however, when taken up, would be available elsewhere.)

“My object is to give a hearty support to the development, by any means, of rapid communication with Central Africa, via Khartoum, Berber, and Souakim. The French are holding influential meetings (Lesseps and others) for a railway through Algeria, across the Western Soudan, to Senegal—a gigantic scheme compared with the Khartoum, Berber, and Souakim.

“With regard to the difficulties to be overcome in consequence of the formation of the land, the best descriptions I have yet seen of the conformation of the land between Souakim across the Nubian Desert to Berber, is given by Marco in 1874, Schweinfurth and Paul Gussfeldt in 1875. They have crossed by various routes, and describe the country between these points as furrowed by numerous systems of wadys, diversified by various hills, and interspersed with barren serai plains, broad elevated table lands and valleys. Marco, on his trip in 1874, took the most northern route of the three desert tracks between Souakim and Berber, leading through the Wadey Aber and a hitherto unknown pass of the Jebel Abdarak. A wide, level plain stretches inland from Souakim, separating it from the mountain region. Several passes lead westward through these ranges of mountains, afterwards a labyrinth of lower hills, with occasional amphitheatres of sand from twenty to thirty miles in circumference, and before Berber is reached the more level desert presents itself.

“With regard to the prospects of Souakim as a port, my friend, Mr. George Maximos, who resides at Souakim, informs me that, notwithstanding the difficulties of transport, the Souakim trade with the Soudan is gradually and rapidly developing itself, and the number of camels arriving from Berber with merchandise for export in 1878 during the season exceeded 40,000, and that 20,000 at least left with goods for the interior. This year the traffic has wonderfully improved, so

much so that steamers call regularly for freight at Souakim. Mr. Maximos further informs me that the overland desert transport to Cairo is being gradually worked out, and that at least two-thirds of the Soudan trade will find its way to Souakim, time being so much in favour of the Souakim route.

"Merchandise now takes forty days from Khartoum to Souakim on the Red Sea, and four months to Cairo via Assouan. It is to be noticed that in consequence of the unsettled state of affairs in Darfur, the Darfur trade has apparently found a fresh route through Wadai to the North-West Coast, and the ivory and feather trade from Darfur and Wadai is for a time diverted from Souakim. As soon as tranquillity is restored, no doubt the Darfur trade will revert to the old channel, via Khartoum, to Souakim.

"Mr. Maximos gives the price of labour at Souakim at an average of two francs per day, and plenty of it.

"(Signed),

"A. E. GARWOOD, M. Inst., C.E."

The importance of this paper was generally recognised, and the Societe Khediviale de Geographie unanimously elected me a member, October 22nd, 1880. I also received a letter (in May, 1880), from the Institution of Civil Engineers, London, congratulating me on my paper, and on the honours lately conferred upon me. (I had recently been made a Commander of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh.) Although the paper caused a stir at the time, opposition set in on the grounds that it would injure the trade up and down the Nile between Khartoum, Cairo, and Alexandria. Had it been carried out there would have been no Mahdi, no Gordon episode, no Wolseley or Kitchener Expeditions, and no fighting in the Eastern and Central Soudan.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

DEATH OF GENERAL MARRIOTT.

SHORTLY after his return from Europe in the autumn, 1879, General Marriott and I met at Alexandria. He was in perfect health. We travelled together to Cairo and conversed on the improvements and extensions of the railway system that were likely to be taken in hand.

The revenues of the railways had wonderfully improved during the year. As a matter of fact, at the end of 1879 the receipts were £1,056,820, as against £870,887 for 1878; and the expenses for 1879 £420,727, as against £409,061 for 1878. That is to say, there had been an increase in the nett revenue of £175,000 in the year 1879, for an additional charge of only £11,666.

All was going well, but the amount of work which devolved upon me single-handed, to enable me to keep pace with the traffic requirements, began to tell, and I sought assistance officially from the Railway Administration. The reply received by me was as follows:—

“No. 4787, 7th December, 1879. Administration of Railways, Telegraphs, and Port of Alexandria.

“Dear Sir,—In reply to your letter of the 17th November, regarding the appointment of an Assistant Locomotive

Superintendent, I have the honour to say that we recognise the need for such an assistant, and will take steps for the purpose.

“ I am, dear sir,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ (Signed) W. F. MARRIOTT, President.”

The steps indicated were never taken. It was the last official letter the General wrote to me. Before the middle of the month he had joined the great majority.

I have never to this day understood the case. I left him a few days after the receipt of the letter quoted above (having had a chat over it) in perfect health. I was on my way to Suez, and he said: “ I will try and meet you at Zagazig ! ” I returned in four days, and was met, on reaching home, with the news that he was dying, and that there was absolutely no hope of saving his life. I rushed round to his house, trusting to at least see him once again, but alas ! it was impossible to intrude upon the grief I felt surrounded him. The next day he was dead. I was allowed to see all that remained to us of General Marriott then, and he looked in death the noble man he had ever proved himself to be in life.

Why are there so few, so very few, of his kind? Great sympathy from Egyptians and Europeans was expressed for the late General's family, and the following testimony to the deceased General's good qualities appeared in the “ Egyptian Herald ” of December 20th, 1879 :—

“ We exceedingly regret to announce the death of General Marriott, which occurred on Wednesday morning in Cairo, from a sudden attack of typhoid fever, which, until the last, was not supposed to be dangerous. His death will cast a shadow over the Christmas of many Cairo homes. His thorough kind-heartedness, his genial temper, his unfailing conscientiousness, and the sterling rectitude of his character endeared him to everyone with whom he came in contact. Socially he is a loss

to all ; a large number will feel they have lost one of the warmest-hearted men they have ever met ; but, perhaps, none will more nearly feel his loss than those of every rank who served under him, and who recognised in General Marriott the beau ideal of an English gentleman. We have spoken of the public ; the loss to his family is not one which it behoves us to comment upon."

To me it was a terrible blow. I never could expect from any other living person the kindness, the confidence which he had ever shewn to me. I might say the affectionate feeling which existed between us, for it was nothing else, was most precious to me. And there was not a man, native or European—high or low, who did not grieve for the "good General" or feel the blow which had fallen as his own personal loss.

Burial follows death very quickly in Egypt, and in a few short hours all that was mortal of "The General"—it was always "The General"—was carried to its last resting place, and Egypt was the poorer by the loss of the one strong man of that time in her public services. It was a bitter day for Egypt. Much depended upon the choice of a successor, whom, I hoped and prayed, might be a military man of rank. But such was not to be.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

A LITTLE COMBINE.

SIR Edward Malet wrote me on December 20th, 1879, as follows :—

“ Dear Mr. Garwood,—I do not know what are the intentions of the Government with regard to the Railway Board, but I can assure you that I should be very glad to see you on it, and I do not doubt that your application will receive the consideration it deserves. I shall be very happy to speak in your favour to Riaz Pasha.

“ Believe me to be,

“ Yours truly,

“ (Signed) EDWARD B. MALET.

“ To A. E. Garwood, Esq.”

By some mysterious agency—the Anglo-Indian cabal, perhaps—the number of Administrators on the Railway Board were reduced from five to three, and the English Administrator at that time, again away on long leave, became the President of the new Board, with one French and one Egyptian colleague. It was a terrible mistake, and another link added (a strong one, too) to the already too long chain of mischief-forging in Egypt.

Then occurred the third mistake of my life. I ought to

have resigned. I knew that the new President was, for many reasons, not fitted for the post. At the time, however, other counsels prevailed, and I remained on. The new Khedive visited the railway works at Boulac, and by a decree dated 7th January, 1880, decorated me with the rank of Commander of the Medjidieh, for which he had obtained the sanction of the Sultan—a distinction much appreciated by the Turks, Egyptians, and Europeans with whom I was acquainted, and by the officials and workpeople. Then again, the Khedive told me that he intended to make a general tour over the railways in the spring, and wanted me to go with him. I therefore decided to continue on and await events.

In due course the new President arrived and took over office. There was no flourish of trumpets, but the old order had changed. The pleasant meetings to discuss important matters relative to the several services in the Board room at the Administration, in the presence of the late General and the heads of the services, were dispensed with. Ismail Pasha Yousrey, and Boghos Bey Nubar, son of Nubar Pasha, the two Egyptian Administrators, retired from the Administration to give place to Ali Pasha Sadyk, who had very little knowledge of railway work.

The new President began by devoting his special attention to the stores supplies, and had soon a private agency established in Cannon Street, London, with a son of his "wife's" pulling the wires. Then news came of "Welsh" coal purchased in Paris, axle box "grease" for lubricating "oil" axle boxes, a small forest of timber that was never asked for by my department, and other matters equally ridiculous, which, of course, soon became subjects for notoriety and public gossip at Alexandria, and at every railway station throughout the country.

A little later came the appointment of another step-son to the secretaryship of the Port of Alexandria, vice Jackson, a nephew of the late Mc Killop Pasha, who died soon after, in Australia. Then another "cousin," or something, came as

private secretary. Thus gradually a little ring of employees directly radiating from the newly-appointed President, was formed. (The step-son, the Secretary to the Port of Alexandria, was dismissed for public impertinence to a well-known Pasha in Alexandria soon after the English occupation.)

This ring was not formed all at once. Naturally, it took a year or two, but the climax was reached when another son came to me to sanction the drawings of a newly-designed series of express trains complete, to run between Alexandria and Cairo, these (of course) to be built abroad!

This was a trifle too much. There arose an angry growl, with threats to expose the whole rotten business if I were not left alone! It was a clean attempt at plundering the Egyptians over again. Nothing more was seen of this son, nor of his designs for express trains, at least not during my tenure of office. It was my pride that during the whole of my time in Egypt, agreeable to the late General Marriott's views, not a single new locomotive, carriage, or wagon came into the country. But I am anticipating.

The winter season of 1879-80 was not so pleasant. The Khedive Ismail had been exiled, and there was a heavy, oppressive feeling in the air, with little of the life and gaiety of former times. My time was also more than fully occupied, as the assistant I had asked for never came. Still, matters went on smoothly enough, and notwithstanding the lack of the gaiety of former years, many of our old friends rejoined our circle a little later in the season. In March, 1880, his Highness, the new Khedive, gave his first grand reception at Abdeen Palace, and everything went off remarkably well. We were invited, and both my wife and I received a very hearty handshake from the Khedive.

Soon after this the Khedive started on a lengthened tour of Egypt, I accompanying the Khediviale train. Nearly all the principal towns were visited, and everything was *en fete* throughout the country.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN EXPERIENCE WITH BARON ROTHSCHILD.

I ALSO saw a great deal of the late Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild during this winter. He was in poor health, and had come to "pick up," he said. The Khedive offered to put at his disposal one of his Nile steamers; but the Baron declared that he would hire one, and it was the hiring of this steamboat, the only one available on the river at Cairo (the property of a French gentleman), which brought about our acquaintance. He wanted to know whether the boiler and engines were in good repair, and if I could assure him of this, the boat would suit him admirably.

As it had done but very little work, I could give him the necessary guarantee, and had the boiler tested. He was delighted, so carpenters were at once set to work to make things comfortable. This, however, the Baron insisted on having done in the simplest and plainest way compatible with ease.

Excursions to places of interest were then made when opportunity offered, amongst others to the Pyramids, and the Baron insisted upon exploring the interior of the great Pyramid. I tried my best to reason him out of it, knowing the great heat inside, but to no purpose, and in we went. I was heartily glad when we got out of it again. The Baron nearly fainted, and we had considerable difficulty in getting him up and along the incline to the false entrance which led to the outside. However,

we managed it just in time, and once in the fresh air he was soon himself again.

At lunch, I began: "Baron, I shall strike if you attempt the inside of the Pyramid again. A Rothschild fainting in the Pyramid, and A. E. Garwood responsible, is really too much of a joke!"

"No more, Mr. Garwood, really," he replied. "I am open to conviction now, and am satisfied with the view obtainable from the outside!"

When seated outside the Pyramid at lunch, I read to Baron Rothschild a short description of it and of the Sphinx, which I had brought with me, as follows: The Great Pyramid in its present state is 453 feet high, its cube is of no less than 2,600,000 yards, and it covers an area of more than eleven English acres. The origin of the Sphinx is still a matter of doubt. It is a natural rock. The head alone has been sculptured. The total height is 65 English feet, the ear measuring 6 feet 5 inches, the nose 5 feet 10 inches, and the mouth 7 feet 8 inches. A stone in the Boulac Museum at Cairo proves the Sphinx was in existence before the Pharaoh Cheops, who is supposed to have built the Great Pyramid, and who gave orders for repairs to be done to the Sphinx, which the inscription on the stone referred to commemorates. It must also be remembered that the Sphinx is the colossal image of an Egyptian God called Amarchis.

"What is your opinion of it all?" queried the Baron.

"It is too wonderful, Baron," was my reply. "I am often out here, and know the ridge well from here to Memphis, Saccarah, etc., and it puzzles me the more every time I come. There is one thing certain it does. The past, as shewn here, teaches humility, the brevity of life, the utter pettiness of pomp and power, and the absolute absurdity of pride." I think the Baron agreed. There was little said for some time as we sat there, watching the past, as it were.

What struck me was Baron Rothschild's exceeding kindness

to all and sundry who appealed to him for assistance. I had the pleasure of dining with him at Shepherd's Hotel, and when he left, he wrote me a very kind letter, as follows:—

“ March 6th, 1880.

“ Dear Mr. Garwood,—Many thanks for your kind note. I should like to have the pleasure of seeing you before my departure, in order to express to you verbally my gratitude for your goodness to me during my stay here. I am delighted with the country, and hope I may soon be able to come here for a longer stay.

“ Yours very sincerely, .

“ (Signed) FERDINAND ROTHSCHILD.”

On the 29th of May, I had the honour of an invitation to dine with Sir Edward Malet (then Mr. Malet), her Majesty's representative in Egypt, the occasion being the celebration of her Majesty's birthday. I also entertained more than usual “pour raison de service,” and love of my work at Boulac. I was expecting to receive some more designs for new rolling stock, or some trick of a more mysterious nature still.



CHAPTER XXXVI.

A CONSPIRACY AND SOME ADVICE.

ABOUT this time, there had been a considerable amount of friction emanating from the office of the President of the Egyptian Railway Administration, which I determined at last to put down. So I wrote for an interview with the British Comptroller-General, which interview came off on the 10th of September, 1880. To him I exposed certain facts in connection with the new order of things at the presidential office of the railways, and that in consequence of my attitude there was a deliberate attempt afoot to undermine my authority and position. He should have ordered an enquiry, but he did not. Eventually, I wrote and informed him that if I continued to experience these unpleasantnesses, I should look out for other employment, and at once took steps to do so.

I imagine that some intimation was given that there was a screw loose, for I observed a marked change from the direction I had indicated, and so obtained what was practically a free hand once more.

The moral of the foregoing story is this, and I give it in all sincerity. Any official, engineer, or other person, who accepts employment under a foreign Government, without the knowledge and consent of the Government of his own country, must expect to be a target for Foreign Office intrigue or indifference, if he is not in the Foreign Office boat, that is to

say, without Foreign Office influence. If brought in contact with needy Anglo-Indian civil or railway officials, never trust them. These gentry cut each other's throats, metaphorically, of course, in India (so I am informed), and if you have not been in India and have never had to do with them, he is bound to try and trip you up should you appear to be in his way, in order to save his own skin. Remember our old friend "the Heathen Chinees" of Bret Harte's, and carefully read General Gordon's views relative to a foreigner in the service of another foreign country or State.

THROUGH EGYPT WITH THE KHEDIVE.

His Highness the Khedive visited every town of importance in Upper and Lower Egypt within touch of the railways, and also spent a couple of days in the Province of the Fayoum, to the west of the valley of the Nile. This gave one an opportunity of looking up the marvellous irrigation arrangements of the ancient Egyptians, and the huge reservoir they constructed for storing the waters of the Nile known as Lake Moeris, compared to which the recent drowning of ancient Philae and the building of a wall across the Nile at Assouan is simply "kinderspiel." Lake Moeris was formerly fed by the navigable canal known as the Bahr-Yusef, or Joseph's Stream, an original construction of the Thebian Pharaohs, and restored by Saladin. The Bahr-Yusef taps the Nile above Mellawee, and runs for more than 150 miles through the provinces of Assioutt, Minieh, and Benisouef, then, turning westward through the opening in the Libyan range, enters the valley of the Fayoum, which it abundantly waters through a network of branches, one of which empties itself in the Birket-el-Korn, a lake of brackish and unwholesome water, though derived from the Nile. This lake marks the eastern boundary of the oasis, or valley, of the Fayoum. Some geographers regard the Bahr-Yusef as an old branch of the Nile, which, after watering the Fayoum, ran on

into the Mediterranean westwards of Alexandria. Be that as it may, Lake Moeris is now dry, and the glories of this oasis, as they were in the days of the Ptolomies, have long since departed. Is the cause to be traced to the fact that when the waters of the Nile are held up for a certain time they become brackish and unwholesome? Let us hope that no Birket-el-Korn will crop up in the neighbourhood of the new irrigation works that have recently been carried out in Upper Egypt. So much has been written and illustrated in the daily papers of these new works that it is well, perhaps, to state here that the late Sir John Fowler's estimate of the extension of the irrigation canals alone, during the reign of the Khedive Ismail Pasha, involved the excavation of 65 per cent. more material than the whole of the Suez Canal! There was not much written or said about this at the time.

At Zagazig, on the 21st April, I was invited to dine with the Khedive "a l'Arabe," and got along very well. Several notables in the neighbourhood were honoured with a visit from his Highness, and I was invariably offered a horse to accompany the cavalcade.

Whilst I was with the Khedive on his trip through Egypt, he mentioned to me that it had been represented to him that the boilers of his favourite river steamer, the "Faïd Rabanni," were old and worn out. He was very surprised when I told him that the Boulac workshops were then strong enough to make new ones, and I soon after got the order to do the work. He was very keen about this. The plates arrived about the beginning of August, my official note advising him of this was dated the 10th of the same month, and by the 2nd of October, the boilers were made, put in the steamer, and a trial trip had been run. The official report was as follows:—

"The official trial of the "Faïd Rabbani," the Khedive's private steam yacht, took place yesterday. This vessel has recently been fitted with new boilers, manufactured at the Boulac

Government Works, under the supervision of Mr. A. E. Garwood, the Chief Engineer. The run from Kasr-e-Nil Bridge to the Barrage was made in exactly one hour, the return trip to Boulac Dockyard occupying one hour and twenty minutes.

Everything worked most satisfactorily without the slightest hitch, and great credit is due to the Chief Engineer of the steamer, Anton Effendi, and his assistants, for the excellent style in which his engines were kept, and for the able manner in which he conducted the trial. We understand that H. E. Ahmed Pasha Hassanein and Ahmed Bey, the captain of the ship, as well as the officials and engineers of the Boulac Dockyard expressed themselves as highly pleased with the trial and its results."

A day or two later, a letter arrived for me from the Khedive's secretary, stating that:—

"H.H. the Khedive has charged me to give you his compliments, and to thank you very much for the success of the boilers. His Highness is much pleased.

"Believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"(Signed) MAHOMED ZEKL.

"To A. E. Garwood, Esq."



CHAPTER XXXVII.

A PRINCE'S VISIT.

A SHORT change at Ramle, near Alexandria, at the house of my friends, Messrs. Royle and Halton, with Lee Smith and another gentleman for company, was all the recreation I obtained in the autumn of 1880; then I returned to Cairo to settle down for the winter. During that winter Egypt was visited by the Crown Prince Rudolf of Austria. I was introduced in my official position as Locomotive Engineer of the Railways, and saw much of him during his stay in Egypt. I accompanied his special trains to Assiout, in Upper Egypt, and to the Fayoum Oasis, where he did some wolf shooting. I also had a good time with my gun, and there was some chaff as to who made the best bag. I accompanied his Highness again out on the desert between Zagazig and Ismailia for some gazelle shooting. It was a most pleasant time, and he left Egypt towards the end of March, via the Suez Canal, after we had all lunched at the chateau of M. Ferdinand de Lesseps, at Ismailia.

On my return to Cairo, the Austrian Consul-General sent for me, and, handing me a small case, said his instructions were to thank me very heartily on behalf of his Imperial Highness for all my attention during his sojourn in Egypt, and to offer me a souvenir from him for acceptance. It was a gold breast-pin, in the form of the letter R., mounted with brilliants. I have it yet, and still remember the stalwart, fine young fellow who was kindness itself to me. Everything connected with his train service went off without the slightest hitch.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

UNSETTLED.

THE railways in 1880 had been doing better than ever. The receipts were £1,272,561, as against £1,056,820 in 1879, and the expenses were £489,454, as against £420,727. This meant that the working charges had again fallen considerably, the nett revenue reaching £780,000. In the face of these figures there was little opposition to the work proceeding at Boulac, and the re-building of new wagon stock in a regular and methodical manner went on splendidly, the frames, wheels, and some portion of the ironwork of the old stock being used in the new. I had heard no more of the proposed purchase of passenger vehicles from abroad.

In January, 1881, the Public Works Company of Egypt was floated, several of the leading financial firms, with the assistance of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, having grouped themselves to carry out public works, and acting on what I had written to the British Comptroller-General, I joined the Board as an Advising Director, with the consent of the Egyptian Government and the Railway Administration, confirmed by their letter, No. 505, 1st February, 1881. I had in view the possibility that the concluding part of my letter to the British Comptroller-General in the September of the previous year might become "fait accompli." I had attended several meetings, and a large quantity of work had been taken in hand for the Government,

when a deliberate and miserable attempt, which signally failed, was made by the Railway Administration to obtain my removal from the directorate of the Public Works Company. The Frenchman this time led the miserable intrigue.

In the spring, H.H. the Khedive went to Suez, and from thence by Canal to Port Said, en route for Alexandria. At Suez, I had an invitation to dine with him at the Governor's Palace, and an enjoyable evening was spent. The next day he invited me to accompany him through the Canal on the famous steam yacht "Mahroussa," which had belonged to his father. It was at one time the fastest vessel afloat. I then heard something of the jealousy my success at Boulac had created, and the "mauvais sang" towards me at the Board of Railway Administration. When I told him that I thought I knew the reason, viz., my opposition to the purchase of stores not wanted, and possible new rolling stock "ad libitum," we had a good laugh over it, he adding that there was plenty of that sort of thing in the country, and to spare, and that they did not study detail sufficiently!

We had a pleasant time through the Canal. Ismailia was "en fete," and Port Said looked its best; still, Egypt was not happy. There was a feeling of unrest throughout the land, and England had not a single strong man left in the country, as far as the Administration was concerned. Major Baring had long since returned to India; General Marriott had passed away; Mr. Rowsell and General Goldsmith had resigned. There was only Anglo-Indian officialdom left! It was a case of drift! drift!—but towards what goal?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

ARABI PASHA'S ADVENT.

THE Law of Liquidation for regulating the new conditions of the Public Debt was passed in 1880. In 1881 came the military revolt, under Arabi Pasha, which broke out in the Abdeen Palace Square. The demand was for an immediate change of Ministry. The British Comptroller-General and Consul Cookson tried to interfere. They might just as well have tried to stop a whirlwind. It was amusing to see the Comptroller and the Consul, the latter a little fellow, attempting to beard Arabi in the square of Abdeen Palace, surrounded as he was by the élite of the Egyptian Army. He took not the slightest notice of them. It was well known to those assembled in the Square that an attempt had been made to persuade the Khedive to try and coerce the Artillery at Abassieh to act against and overawe them. As a matter of fact, the Khedive, followed by the British Comptroller-General, had driven out to Abassieh Barracks and back to Abdeen Palace Square, when they found that the Artillery would not move, to make the best terms they could with Arabi Pasha. The Khedive yielded—he had no other alternative in the company of the two men most obnoxious of all to the Egyptian officers. The growing dislike to the Anglo-Indian element amongst the officials, and their utter inability of “savoir faire” with the Egyptians, secured for Arabi a larger measure of popular support than he had ever dreamed

of, so that he became practically a military dictator from that time, and later on the arbitrator of peace or war which approached apace, especially when he and his "entourage" began domineering the Khedive, or defying his authority at the best. It was said that His Highness the Khedive Thewfik could have made short work of Colonel Arabi at that time, but was prevailed upon not to take extreme measures. A Khedive Ismail, a General Marriott, or a Major Baring were sadly needed then.

I remember the scene well. After being for a short time in the Palace, I stood in Abdeen Square with another friend, an Englishman, and witnessed the whole fiasco. From that day, events moved rapidly. The military authorities had to be reckoned with, and Colonel Ahmed Arabi became the chosen leader of the military and insurrectionary party in Egypt, later on to become Ahmed Pasha Arabi, and practically dictator, with the Sultan's authority, and the Turkish equivalent for a blessing backing him.

In so far as my position with the Railway Department was concerned, matters went on as before. The too extensive use of the personal pronoun on the part of the President of the Railway Administration in his correspondence had disappeared. The railway works were in full swing; the manufacture of rolling stock, i.e., the re-construction and altering of old 5-ton trucks to 10-ton goods wagons, had become easy, and the same happened in connection with the old locomotives and passenger carriages.

We had got as far as the construction of two new saloon carriages, which gave considerable satisfaction: and when about this time the goods truck No. 100 had been completed, and a new tank locomotive and another new saloon carriage turned out, the workmen were given a holiday and an evening entertainment at the works, of which the papers gave an account at the time. I also had the following letter from London from the gentleman who had at all times taken an interest in my

career, and who was a leading member of the well-known banking firm of Smith, Payne and Smith, as follows:—

“ 1, Lombard Street, E.C.,

“ 27th September, 1881.

“ Dear Sir,—I ought sooner to have acknowledged the newspaper which I received from Egypt, which I presume you sent me, with the account of the new goods wagons, engines, etc., which all had been constructed by native workmen under your superintendence. There was also a detailed report on the same subject in the ‘Times,’ or one of the other papers, and I need scarcely say that I read both with the greatest interest. You will, I am sure, have found your highest satisfaction in the consciousness that you had so ably and so honourably discharged the duties of your important appointment in Egypt, but you must allow me to offer you the expression of the gratification which it affords myself, and to many others here, to know that you have been able to turn to such good account the materials which, in other hands, were allowed to be wasted or destroyed, and have inaugurated with so much success an era of honest efficiency and economy on the Egyptian Railway system.

“ I remain,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ (Signed) JERVOISE SMITH.”

I also, to my astonishment, received a letter of congratulation from the French Administrator on the success of the latest saloon carriage. It read as follows:—

“ Mon cher Monsieur Garwood,—Le wagon-salon a été tres apprécié, on ma fait beaucoup des compliments, surtout lorsque on a su qu’il avait été fait par vos soins dans les ateliers. Cest un tres bon specimen de ce qu’on peut faire a Boulac. Je suis très heureux de cet excellent resultat.

“ Votre bien devoue,

“ (Signe) TIMMERMAN.”

At the time of the workmen's treat, I had a chat with his Highness the Khedive, Thewfik Pasha. I had gone to the Palace to ask him to call round by the workshops when taking his evening drive, and see the workmen enjoying themselves. He partly promised that he would do so—nothing delighted him more in his pleasant unconventional way than to see everybody pleased and happy—and then, to my surprise, he asked me what I thought of the state of affairs? I told him that I interested myself but little in the matter; but, of course, I knew that there was considerable unrest and dissatisfaction even amongst my workmen; that if anything was wanted, it was complete tranquillity, and the best thing to that end would be to stop any further agitation of whatever kind. His Highness then spoke of the cabal against me. I said I thought I knew who was at the bottom of it, that it was a matter of perfect indifference to me, that as long as my services were wanted by his Government they were at his disposal, and that, after the affair of the Public Works Company and the Railway Administration's attempt at interference, I had taken steps to start a business in Egypt if I should find it necessary to send in my resignation. As a matter of fact, the Anglo-Egyptian Coal, Iron, and Machinery Company had (with the support of several influential friends, Mr. E. Masterman, Sir Robert Fowler, and Mr. Frederick Harris), been started with that object in view. The project to form the company, drawn up by myself, was dated April 9th, 1881, and sent to London for decision. A conversation thereon was held at the Anglo-Egyptian Bank at Cairo, between Mr. Masterman, Mr. Harris, and myself, to discuss the possibility of my becoming the Managing Director, in the event of my leaving the Government service.

A short time after this, Arabi Pasha became the Minister of War in the Ministry formed by Mahmoud Pasha, a man of French sympathies, and of small parts. Growing dislike to European officials generally, and to the pressure of the joint-control, became universal, but what gave rise to more animosity

than anything else, and to the British side of the dual control especially, particularly in the interior of Egypt, was the cadastral survey—the “cadavre” of poor Egypt, as it was called.

This survey was never understood by the natives, and I imagine it was never explained to them in a proper way. The first intimation they (the agriculturists) had was a Surveying Engineer turning up on the proverbial donkey, with one or two followers, and a tent which they would proceed to erect in some convenient and shady spot near where operations were to commence.

The next day, the Engineer would be seen, with his surveying apparatus and memorandum book, moving about over the land. This would be followed by a revision of the hodjets (land quantities) in the hands of the sheiks of the villages, which would amount to about the extent of their knowledge of what was happening.

Can it be wondered that the owners of the land pondered and gossiped in all directions over this new departure, which gave rise to the rumour that their land was to be taken away from them? This is no exaggeration of the state of affairs.

At about this time, they had seen and heard of one Government post after another (even to that of stationmaster), being swallowed up by foreign officials, so they began to wonder what was going to happen to the land. Needless to say, this agitation in the country added fuel to the flame of the Arabi outburst and action in Abdeen Square at Cairo, and he now began to be looked upon as the saviour of his country; the agitation coming into most prominence in the large cotton-growing districts of Zagazig and Damanhour.

In the neighbourhood of Zagazig is situated the village in which Arabi Pasha was born. Here, as already stated (see Sir Edward Malet's letter to me in 1881), Ahmed Bey, a landed proprietor, one of the leading notables of the Zagazig district, and a friend of Arabi, went so far as to hold meetings to discuss these matters. I do not think that any of the European

Administrators in Cairo at that time bothered their heads much about the interior (the real life) of Egypt; at least, it was only on rare occasions that I met them when moving about the railways in my official capacity, except on the main line between Alexandria and Cairo.



AN EGYPTIAN "FANTASIA" (*Anglice*)
"MERRY MAKING."

THE "EGYPTIAN GAZETTE," JANUARY, 1882.
FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

On Friday night there was a commotion at the Boulac Government workshops. All the workmen were looking forward to something ; and you could see, by the people about, that that something was to take place the same evening. A brand new train of waggons, a reconstructed locomotive, named, by the gracious permission of his Highness the Khedive, after his second son, Prince Mohamed Ali, and a second new saloon car, were ostentatiously placed upon convenient rails and, from a ticket suspended upon the waggon last completed, we learnt that the number of those already manufactured at the works had reached one hundred. At seven o'clock that night, certain Pashas and other dignitaries presented themselves at the gate of the works by invitation, and were immediately admitted. A courteous maitre des cérémonies was in instant attendance, and having pointed out the new train (which looked very bright and good under the splendid moonlight) with a certain amount of natural pride, he ushered the party into the presence of the inaugurator of the entertainment, Mr. A. E. Garwood. The pleasure that gleamed in the eyes of the surrounding bystanders was reflected and enhanced upon the countenance of the Chief Engineer, as he welcomed the visitors in a very hearty manner. Turning into a huge workshop, fitted up with big benches, we observed for a moment absolutely nothing ; then, at the far end of the room, we saw grow upon the magic sheet of a no less magic-lantern, an accurate representation of our august Khedive, Thewfik Pasha, and at the same moment the military band struck up the "Salaam Effendina." Such good order prevailed ; it was marvellous !

Two thousand workmen, all amusing themselves mightily, all full of life and fun, and yet the most perfect order and good nature ! Two thousand roughs, according to some people. Two thousand gentlemen, according to my opinion ! How shall I accurately relate all that followed ? In one place there were native singers, discreetly concealed behind a newly erected

moosharabeeh ; close by, some of the workmen, acting as capital strolling players, who kept the onlookers in a constant state of laughter. Again, Arab musicians and — here my description must end, as I can only say what I saw, about one-fifth of the entertainments provided for the sons of toil at the Boulac works. A courteous reception, and much care lest we should be crushed, smiling faces, and good will met us at every inch of our walk. Now we enter the lantern room, and here we see how funny slides are introduced and manipulated by the hard-working operators to the immense amusement of the audience on the other side of the curtain, who roar out an approbation. Then we enter an inner room, where a temporary buffet is installed. High upon the wall, a tribute to the Engineer-in-Chief of the works, and made and put up by the workmen, is a red shield, recording the affection and hearty good wishes felt for, and offered to, Mr. Garwood by the men. Be sure, we all drained a cup to the same toast. “If you drink my health, gentlemen,” he says, “I must ask you to add to it that of the workmen under me. They have expressed themselves to me, to-day, in a manner which I shall never forget. They are not only good workmen, but my friends, every one of the two thousand you find here to-night ; and, in return, I must add that without those friends I should have never made Boulac works what they now are. With them, please God, we shall improve every year, and working as we are together, there will be no limit to our improvement.” So we drank to the good men and true, and hardly wondered that the Chief Engineer was so popular. Bless us ! we almost felt as if we worked under him too, or with him as he puts it ! Then he gives our little party a few details as to the expense of building the new waggons, saloon carriages, etc., and compares those prices with the cost of their importation of old. These details are little less than revelations, and it is almost incredible that during a few years Boulac has learned to do everything in a first rate manner and at a considerably reduced price.

After bidding Mr. Garwood good-bye, a gentleman, one of our party, a native, and one holding a distinguished position, came up to us and said, “There ! that is one of the Englishmen who are necessary to Egypt ;” and in this sentiment we all agreed, and to wish Boulac, its workmen, and its direction good luck and a prosperous New Year.

CHAPTER XL.

A CAUSE OF TROUBLE.

AT the Government Railway Works at Boulac, Cairo, several of the foremen were Egyptians. The foreman of the Foundries, both iron and brass, was Hassan Effendi Zoulficar; of the Locomotive Department smith's shop, Osman Effendi Cadi; of the work for other Government departments, Mahomed Effendi Ali, already mentioned, with native assistants. At Imbabeh locomotive sheds, on the other side of the River Nile, facing Boulac, was Ahmed Effendi Lacey. Three of these Egyptians had been educated and taught their special handicraft in England at the expense of the Khedive, and, therefore, understood English. They all knew of the trouble which was brewing, and the cause thereof, as did also my European Locomotive Superintendents, through their native assistants in the interior of Egypt.

Osman Effendi Cadi was very outspoken about it, particularly of the rushing of young Europeans into appointments that hundreds of Egyptians could have filled with far greater credit. Said he: "We want men to show us something we have not yet been able to understand, not young men who come here to draw salaries, and get as much leave as they can; who do not care a rap for us or the country which finds them the wherewithal to enjoy life in Europe. I know Europe, Mr. Garwood—Paris, London, etc.—and I know your English

gentlemen when I see them, such as General Marriott, Major Baring, and others, and their disinterestedness, but some of your officials here now are very different. We know a great deal more of what goes on than it is thought we do."

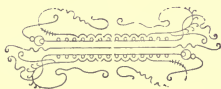
My old friend, Lacey Effendi, at Imbabweh, was also brought up in England, at Manchester. He was a bit of a wag in his way. "What are all these sticks painted red and white that they are sticking up about our villages without asking permission?" asked he. I tried to explain. "Ah, I know!" he retorted, jocularly, "they want more money to pay more of their uncles, cousins and aunts!"

Ahmed Effendi Lacey came of a very old Egyptian family. He had been sent to Europe by the Khedive Said Pasha (it is even now the custom to send several young Egyptians to Europe annually to be taught handicrafts), was well educated, and during the whole time that I was in Egypt he was District Locomotive Superintendent of the railway to Upper Egypt as far as Minieh. At Siout, then the terminus, I had placed Ahmed Effendi Zarafy as Locomotive Foreman. As a matter of fact, the officials of the Upper Egyptian Railway in my time, and General Marriott's time—stationmasters, traffic inspectors, engineers, drivers, and firemen—at his desire, were all Egyptians.

The late Khedive Ismail Pasha used to boast that his Intelligence Department was so strong that when a stranger arrived, he knew all about him and what he was after before he saw him. I have seen much of the world, mixed with many nationalities, read, know, and can converse in several foreign languages, but for downright cuteness, as the Yankees would say, give me the Egyptian, the Arab. Their sign and flower language are amongst the most extraordinary methods of communication I have ever met. Then, again, as I have already written, each family has its own cypher. The real, true inner life of the Egyptian is absolutely unknown to the European, and will ever remain so.

One instance, amongst the many which came to my notice, I will describe. My chief assistant, the French District Locomotive Superintendent at Boulac, Monsieur Choisey, with whom I frequently chatted on the characteristics of the men under us, had been, with his family, for many years in Egypt, first as an engine-driver, and then as running shed foreman at Alexandria locomotive sheds for the passenger station traffic, at which place I found him, promoting him from thence to the position he held under me at Boulac as my chief outdoor assistant at headquarters. He resided at Boulac, and spoke Arabic well, and had known many of the men for years; that is to say, as he would put it, on the footplate and when on duty, but when off duty and off the footplate, never!!

In the autumn of 1881, I had a nasty attack of *Dingue*, or Nile fever. My brother, Thomas, the Navigating Officer of the Eastern telegraph ship "*Chiltern*," then stationed at Suez, who was staying with us in Cairo, as well as Mrs. Garwood, immediately after her return from Europe, were also down with it. The epidemic was serious in Cairo that autumn. Then came a severe attack of ophthalmia, and general depression followed. Later on, and after a short stay at Ramle, I picked up a little. I had been in Egypt then for over two years, with no relaxation or relief, and it began to tell upon me. There was very little amusement in Cairo during the winter of 1881-82. Everyone was awaiting coming events, of which the shadows had been creeping up for some time, and all were wondering what was going to happen.



CHAPTER XLI.

I MEET THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SONS.

EARLY in March, 1882, the sons of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (our present King, Edward VII.), arrived at Suez in H.M.S. *Bacchante*. They left their ship at Ismailia, and were met by a special train. I accompanied the train as the Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent, with Sir Edward Malet, and Ismail Pasha Yousrey, formerly one of the Administrators of the railways in the days of General Marriott, and an old friend. His Highness the Khedive had sent the Pasha, who spoke English well, to be in attendance during the young Princes' stay in Egypt. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps did the honours at Ismailia, and shewed the Princes all that there was to be seen.

On our arrival at Cairo Station, I had the honour of being presented to the Princes by Sir Edward Malet. On March 6th, I accompanied the special train, with the Princes, to Bedreshayn, and was invited to join the party in their excursion to Memphis, once the capital of the Egypt of 6,000 years ago, then known as Menofer. Now, a grove of palm trees alone marks the site. It was here at this spot I had a pleasant chat with the late Prince Albert Victor. He was very keen for information on any subject. It was a most enjoyable day. We all lunched together in Mariette Bey's cottage. There was on the way to Memphis a good deal of larking on donkey-back; and also on the way back to the train.



STATUE OF PHARAOH RAMESES II.

In Palm Groves at Memphis.

On page 420 in the second volume of the joint work of the Princes, "The Cruise of the *Bacchante*," mention is made of a dismount amongst the palm groves of Memphis, to examine a massive block of limestone, blackened by fire and exposure, which is known as the statue of Rameses II., the "Sesostris" of the Bible, then lying face downward in the Nile mud. The Princes describe the statue as 18 feet long, and weighing 82 tons. The arms are close to the sides, a scroll being in the left hand; the back is rough, for the statue was one of a pair of standing figures which were set against the portico, or wall, at the entrance of the Temple which stood here.

When with Lord Francis Conyngham, camping out in the neighbourhood, it was arranged that I should try and lift the statue clear of the water and mud. This was done, the intention being to stand it upright, but I had to leave the work unfinished. The Royal Engineers, after the English occupation, I am told, raised it "in situ." This statue is the property of the British Government, being a free gift of the Viceroy, Mehemet Ali. I had the pleasure of explaining to the Princes what had been done to carry out Lord Francis Conyngham's wishes.

The next day we started for Siout, 230 miles south of Cairo, by special train. That was the limit of the railway service in those days. It was quite dark on our arrival, and I was very glad when the Princes and their party were happily aboard the Khedive's yacht, the "*Ferouse*." On March 20th, I again took their train to Siout, and brought the Royal sailors back to Cairo, arriving safely a little after midnight, much to my satisfaction. Upper Egypt was in a queer state at that time, and the railway between stations was without any protection whatever. Such was my anxiety that I never left the footplate of the locomotive (excepting for a short time with the Princes in their saloon), the whole 230 miles, and it was a very hot and dusty run.

On our way down from Upper Egypt, I was invited into the saloon carriage in which the young Princes were travelling, and again, during the short time I was there, I was struck with the keen interest Prince Albert Victor displayed in everything. If I remember rightly, both Princes travelled on the footplate of the locomotive for a short distance, and enjoyed the, to them, novel experience.

The Princes left Cairo at noon on March 22nd, and attended the annual athletic sports at the Moharrem Bey grounds, Alexandria, on the 24th, where, amongst other events, they witnessed the competition in putting the shot, which they describe in their book (page 554) as follows: "Ismail Pasha Yousrey, who had been in attendance on us during the whole of our stay in Egypt, beat all comers, and was only beaten in his turn by Mr. Garwood." On March 26th their Royal Highnesses left Egypt. A little more than two months later, the massacres of Alexandria occurred!

When I took leave of them at Alexandria, Prince Albert Victor, after wishing me good bye, turned back and shook hands with me a second time, and the pleasant way in which he thanked me for the trifling services I had rendered him and his brother, Prince George, I have never forgotten.

When Prince Albert Victor came of age, I ventured, trespassing on the acquaintance formed in Egypt, to send him a telegram of congratulation, and the following telegraphic reply promptly came: -

"Sandringham,

"January 8th, 1885.

"From Albert Victor.

"I thank you very much for your kind wishes.

"To Mr. Garwood, Arundel."

A Prince indeed, and a perfect gentleman, he, unfortunately, was taken from amongst us in the pride of his manhood, beloved by all, and especially by those who had had the honour and pleasure of his personal acquaintance.

CHAPTER XLII.

THE STORM BURSTS.

RETURNING to Cairo, after the Princes' visit, I soon settled down again, but rumours of dissensions between the military authorities and the ministry became rife. The Americans, unusually numerous that spring (1882) in Cairo, gave a public banquet to Arabi Pasha about this time. I was invited, and attended. One Senator, I think from Massachusetts, in his oration, lauded Arabi as a Liberator, etc., etc., and what made the thing still more serious was the fact that he (Arabi Pasha) was accompanied by the Chief of the Egyptian Military Staff, General Stone, an American soldier, and his assistants, in full uniform!

Soon after this, British and French warships arrived at Alexandria, as it was then stated, to "overawe the discontented," but this only increased the excitement, as it was known that there were no troops with the fleet. I had by this time persuaded my wife, who had been on a tour in the Holy Land, to leave for England, which gave me a free hand. My native foremen at Boulac told me their fear was that there might be an outbreak or something of the kind; and sure enough it came, on the 11th June, at Alexandria.

What was first a "barruffa" (a row) in the Rue des Soeurs, Alexandria, was interfered with by Consul Cookson personally, who would have been better employed at the Consulate.

He got knocked about, and the row soon developed into general street fighting, with great loss of life as the result. Several of the officers of her Majesty's ships, on leave in the town, were caught and roughly handled, and a large number of Europeans were killed, irrespective of nationality.

This went on more or less for two days in different quarters of the town of Alexandria, and, naturally, a wave of excitement spread all over the country, particularly at Tintah, more so than in Cairo, although even there it was bad enough. In the European quarter at Cairo, the shops began to close, and very few Europeans appeared in the streets.

On June 12th, I received intimation from the Palace that the Khediviale train would be required, and also the Harem, or Family train, for the ladies of the household. The latter went first, the next day, to Alexandria, and I accompanied the Khediviale train, in which were the Khedive and several of his Ministers. There was an anxious moment at Cairo Station, just before we started, when Arabi Pasha turned up in full uniform, with several of his staff. I stood by the Khediviale saloon, and it was thought for a moment Arabi Pasha intended to prevent the Khedive from leaving Cairo.

What passed between the Khedive and the Pasha I cannot say. It only amounted to a very few words, and then the order was given to start. We reached Alexandria in good time, and I made the best of my way, after arranging about the trains, to Abbatt's Hotel, where I engaged a room for a term. I found the streets lined with troops and police. Omar Pasha Loutfi, the Governor of Alexandria, and a former Governor of Upper Egypt, a Turk, had put his foot down and stopped further bloodshed. The excitement was not at fever heat, but the fact remained that the low-class natives and Levantines on the Gabarri Road, the Marina, the worst quarters of the town, and from Place Mehemed Ali to the Port, were practically in open riot, with the big warships in the outer harbour powerless to do anything.

Wearing the Turkish stambouline frock coat and tarbouche, just as I had arrived with the Khediviale train, I made my way to the Eastern Telegraph Office to look up some of my friends who were on the staff. I generally did this when in Alexandria. I found the rooms upstairs crowded with women and children, and soon had particulars of the ghastly proceedings of the two days which had elapsed since the outbreak. The telegraph staff had got their billiard table across the main entrance to the block occupied by their offices and quarters, with a "chevaux-de-frize" of chairs, etc., on the main staircase, two men being stationed at the top of the staircase armed ready to shoot anyone forcing the door. My friend Anstice, one of the chief officials, gave me a hearty welcome, and told me a deplorable tale of suffering and outrage. They were hoping, however, that now the Governor had put his foot down in favour of humanity, and stopped the bloodshed, things might improve.

Omar Pasha Loutfi was a Turk of Turks. He had no sympathy for European interference in the administration of Egypt. When asked whether I would not stay with them at the Eastern Telegraph Offices, I said, "No; I must go and look after my railway people." I made my way back to Abbott's Hotel, which was not a great way off, and there found my colleague Mr. Wright, the recently appointed Chief Engineer of the Permanent Way.

Early the next morning a message came from the President of the Railway Administration, requesting me to go down to the Port Office to see him, which I did, and found him in the Port Captain's office. He complained bitterly of the engineer of the port steam launch having bolted. I said that I would send him one of the best men I had from Gabarri—my old friend from Russia, the outdoor Locomotive Inspector, Mr. Harle. I then enquired when he would be returning to Cairo. He said that he did not know what the Khedive's movements were; but he did not tell me that he had closed and abandoned the

Railway Administration offices at Cairo, that he was not going back, but had arranged to open temporary offices at Maison Greenfield, in Alexandria, which, in effect, he and Monsieur Timmerman, the French Administrator, did.

They had, in their hurry to leave Cairo, forgotten to sign the pay-sheets of the workmen, which caused me much trouble a day or two later. I have an idea that he knew that Arabi Pasha had more cognisance of his administrative ability than he ought to have possessed, that it had been the subject of public gossip, and even the newspapers had begun to ask questions. The President mentioned he was anxious about the wives and families of the platelayers on the outskirts of Alexandria. I replied that I would go at once to Gabarri, where the locomotives were housed, some 80 in number, and send a carriage, train, or something round, and clear them all out. This was accomplished the same afternoon, and they were all placed in safety on board ship in the harbour. The engineer, Mr. Harle, took charge of the steam launch. Mr. Carlisle, my right-hand man, and principal assistant at Gabarri, saw to the train.

On my return to the hotel, word was passed round that the rioters were coming up from the Marina, to invade the European quarters of the town. The main doors of the hotel were at once closed, the place locked up, and what means of defence were available hastily prepared. One visitor, in his excitement, let off his revolver in the hall, and wounded another of the guests in the leg.

Next day I went down to the Port Captain's office to see the President again. He seemed a trifle more contented with the steam launch working, and I hinted at returning to Cairo. I said it appeared to me to be absolutely necessary that I should return to Cairo and Boulac, as my fear was that the drivers and workmen would get out of hand if I did not do so. I intended doing this as soon as I had taken leave of the Khedive, which was then the custom of the

leading railway officials, because, as I explained to him, if anything serious was intended by the combined fleets, it was of paramount importance that the Europeans and Christian population should be got out of the country without delay. He asked me whether I would join him in interviewing the Admiral to find out what was proposed to be done. I agreed to accompany him, and he, Mr. Wright, and myself, with Mr. Harle in charge of the steam launch, went on board H.M.S. "Helicon." What passed between him and the Admiral I never knew. Lord Charles Beresford, however, came on board, and was present a portion of the time.

It was then and there arranged that Mr. Wright and I should return to Cairo, and do our best to keep the service going in as orderly and quiet a manner as possible.

It was also settled that if special services of trains were arranged for Alexandria, special locomotives should meet these trains at Mohallet Roh Junction, on the main line, and bring the passengers to Gabarri Jetty, Alexandria Harbour, instead of taking them to Alexandria passenger station, and thus keep them clear of the streets and the excited native populace. This arrangement was carried out to some extent, Lord Charles Beresford, I was told, saying at the time, "Bring the passengers to Gabarri. My boats shall do the rest!"

I then visited several of the ships with refugees on board in the harbour, and saw a number of people I knew. I next called at the Palace, and after taking leave of the Khedive, my colleague, Mr. Wright, and I left by the evening express for Cairo.

Previous to leaving Alexandria, I saw Mr. Colvin, then acting for Sir Edward Malet, who was down with fever on board ship, and explained to him my reason for returning to Cairo. Mr. Colvin particularly requested me to induce a certain family to leave Cairo, which I did.

I fancy we were the only passengers. I know we—Mr. Wright and I—enjoyed a good rest on the way up, and I am

thankful to this day I did so, and that I went back. We both took up our quarters at Shepherd's Hotel. I closed the flat where I resided, which I handed over to the care of my man Hassan. I had retained my room at Abbatts' Hotel, Alexandria, in case it might be wanted for myself or any friend going down from Cairo. As a matter of fact, the family Mr. Colvin had asked me to see to in Cairo subsequently occupied the room, and I received from them a cordial letter of thanks for allowing them to do so.

Another letter, which was written to my wife by a friend of hers (the wife of Dr. Grant, of Cairo), was as follows:—

“You can have no idea of the immense overtaking of his strength during that last week we were in Cairo; such a stampede of panic-stricken refugees as were crowding at the station all day, and every train filled to its utmost. He was the only one to look after everything, for all the other officials followed his Highness the Viceroy to Alexandria; in fact, we used to say that Mr. Garwood constituted the whole Railway Administration, and a very active thing he made of it, I assure you. I shall never forget the quieting effect of his perfect composure when we arrived at the station, on the 17th June, at 10 o'clock at night, in such an excited and hurrying crowd as I never was in before. He led me to one of the pillars, and said, ‘Just stand here until I come for you. I shall soon have another carriage put on,’ and while we were waiting, and Jessie so frightened at the strange scene, he returned again and again to say soothingly, ‘Don't be disturbed, just keep perfectly quiet; I will arrange everything.’ And he did. Tell him we all send our love, and little Jessie will have some kisses for him, I am sure, when we meet.”

On my return to the Boulac Works, I was met by M. Choisey, who exclaimed, “Grace à Dièu, Monsieur Garwood, vous êtes de retour. Nous sommes presque en révolte ici; les ouvriers ne sont pas payés et ils ne veulent plus travailler!” (“Thank God! you are back, Mr. Garwood. We are nearly

in open revolt here. The workmen have not been paid, and will do no more work until they are!") The President and his colleague had left Cairo without signing and certifying the pay-sheets, or giving their sanction for payment. They had, however, said nothing of this to me; they had probably forgotten all about it; at least, it is to be hoped that such really was the case. A nice state of affairs, truly!

Whilst we were talking, a considerable number of the men had collected near the time offices, and others were coming up (at Boulac and Imbabweh there were over 1,500 workmen and employés), so I whispered to Choisey to send for Osman Effendi Cadi. Then, jumping on the seat outside the entrance to the offices, where any direct business with the workpeople generally came off, I beckoned to Mr. Choisey to translate what I had to say. He told them, in better Arabic than I could muster, that there had been some mistake about the pay-sheets, which I would at once see rectified, and would pay them myself from my own resources rather than they should be without their money! By this time my orator, Osman Effendi Cadi, came up. I said to him, "Now Osman, pump these words into them as fast as you can. You know the style. Tell them to give me until to-morrow to find the money. Say that I want them to return to their work to oblige me, and to remain quiet and orderly. Ask them to remember how I have worked incessantly for their welfare for five years, and say that now is their time to try and make me some return."

What Osman Cadi really said I never knew, but the men went back to their work at once with "Hadra! Hadra!" ("Good, Good!") M. Choisey's only exclamation was "Magnifique!" As to Osman Effendi Cadi,* the Europeans at Cairo in June,

*Osman Effendi Cadi spoke and understood English well. He had been educated in England, and in his early days had married an English wife. There were other Osman Effendi Cadis, and if they had lifted their little fingers in opposition to my instructions, not a wheel would have left Boulac!

1882, would have reason to remember that man, had they ever known; but they never knew. I drove straight to the Anglo-Egyptian Bank to beg Mr. Oliphant, who was the Cashier in Charge, and who was about to close the bank, and asked him not to do so, explaining my difficulty, and that I might come to him as a last resource. I was on the most intimate terms with the bank and the manager, Mr. E. Masterman. I then sought Mr. Money, one of the Comptrollers of the Caisse, but he would not, or could not, do anything. I drove to the railway station to obtain advice from my colleague and friend the Traffic Manager, Scandar Bey Fahmy, as to the best thing to be done. He said: "Zeki Pasha, the Native Administrator of the Railways, and the only one now here, is back from Alexandria. Go and see him at once." Noting down the address, I found the Pasha at home. He expressed his surprise and astonishment, and promised to see to it at once. Where the money came from I never knew, but the Pasha kept his promise, and next morning the workmen and the employes in my presence received their pay to a man.

During the payment of the men, the opportunity was given me to advise the European leading men and foremen in the workshops to remove their wives and families to Alexandria as quietly as possible, and if they desired it, to take them down there themselves, explaining, at the same time, the state of affairs. One of the European families, the Hewgills, were all down with ophthalmia. Mr. Hewgill himself, a foreman at the works, being ill with fever. I had difficulty in getting them away, but telegraphic persistence accomplished it when I was almost past hope of doing anything. I had instructed one of my outdoor Inspectors, John Leete, at Alexandria, to keep up communication between Mr. Carlisle and myself, and to run up and down as required. By this means, it was known what the exodus would be like from Cairo, and how the locomotive service to meet it could be arranged. The special passenger service had begun from all parts. There was no serious panic,

but a very general desire on the part of everyone, irrespective of nationality, to get to Alexandria, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, or anywhere out of Egypt.

There were times when we had scarcely a wheel left to turn in Boulac yard, particularly carriages and wagons. Those in the workshops under repair were sent back to service when the under carriages were safe to run, painting, trimming, and other *et ceteras* being left for another time. I had recourse to my orator again, Osman Effendi Cadi, to make a speech to the native Egyptian drivers and firemen, in much the same terms as he did to the workmen. The result was that they behaved splendidly, not one of them shirking his work throughout the whole trying time. No matter the hours on the footplate, there was never a murmur, and one of the most extraordinary things about it all was that there was not a single accident to deplore.

To make matters doubly sure, I went to Abdeen Barracks, and, accompanied by a young officer, who spoke French, I sought Arabi Pasha. I found him at prayer in the mosque on the Citadel Road, where he usually attended. I had only met Arabi Pasha, personally, once before, and that was at the dinner given by the Americans, already mentioned. I told him, through the young officer, that I should be glad if he would place a strong permanent military guard at both entrances to the works at Boulac; that there was an enormous quantity of valuable material at the stores, almost entirely without protection; besides which, if any of the men became unruly, the guard would be there to act promptly. I more than hinted that a similar arrangement would be well at the Railway Station.

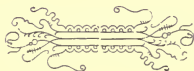
Arabi Pasha at once assented to this in toto. The next morning, early, I had the pleasure of posting those soldiers and providing guard-room and quarters for them, much to my old assistant and friend Choisey's satisfaction. A day or two later, I personally saw that sun-shelters were put up for the soldiers on duty, the heat being terrific at this time.

The exodus from Cairo and the interior of Egypt continued

for several days, and only one unpleasant incident occurred. One of the European drivers of a train full of refugees unhooked from his train at one of the stations on the Suez Railway, and drove off to Ismailia. An Egyptian driver, however, was immediately sent to take on the train to its destination, which he did.

The special service had by this time slackened considerably, and the time was at hand for me to decide as to what I should do. My intention was to return to Alexandria, to resign, and leave the country, if there was to be fighting with England—and it looked remarkably like it. Still, if the other way about, and the French interfered, I would remain on.

The French were on exceedingly intimate terms with the Egyptians at that time, and they seemed to have a perfect understanding of one another. In any case, I decided to go down to Alexandria. I had sounded Monsieur Choisey, and he said he intended to remain on, and several of the European drivers were also that way inclined. I gave them all perfect liberty of action, my only instructions being for them to hand over their duties to their native assistants, when they had decided as to their course.



CHAPTER XLIII.

MY ILLNESS IN CAIRO. WAS THERE A PLOT?

ON the 19th June. I went to Cairo station to see Scandar Bey Fahmy, the Traffic Manager, to tell him of my intentions. He told me the rush was over; there were very few passengers, and he had suppressed the special service of trains entirely, and would stop several of the ordinary passenger service trains. This was pleasant to hear, and I left him about 6 p.m. in good health and spirits, driving my dog-cart straight to the bank to thank the cashier, Mr. Oliphant, and tell him that so far as I was concerned there was no longer any necessity to keep the bank open. He was very pleased, and I left him hearty and well, with a mutual promise to meet at the hotel later and dine together at 7 p.m. What followed, I wish to state in detail, for it leads up to the grievance which I have always maintained was denied a hearing, in spite of my persistent efforts to obtain an inquiry.

After leaving Mr. Oliphant, I went to the Mooski Street to persuade a family all the English permanent residents took an interest in to leave Cairo. Mrs. Ablitt was the proprietress of this one English provision stores in Cairo at that time, and had lost her husband, an English jockey, or coachman, formerly in the service of the Khedive. Mrs. Ablitt was bringing up a young family, and we, the resident English, were doing our little best to help her along. I sat some little time in the store to persuade them to leave for Alexandria, and then returned to Shepherd's Hotel to dine.

On the balcony of the hotel I was accosted by a certain Ahmed Effendi Choukey, whom I knew as a police spy of the lowest type. He had been deputed, he said, to offer me a residence in Cairo should the hotel close. (This had been mooted, and practically decided on, as there were only about half a dozen visitors left.) Amongst them were Mr. Michael Elliott, in the employ of Mr. Edward Easton, of Delahay Street, London, who had left his home in the town to come and reside at the hotel, and Mr. Oliphant. Choukey said he had mentioned this matter to Mr. Oliphant, who he thought was a friend of mine. I told him to go about his business. He then followed me into the hall of the hotel, where I sat down for a moment, and he began talking again, wanting to know my opinion of Arabi Pasha. I told him a second time to go about his business.

It was just then dinner time, and I went to the bar for some refreshment, which was supplied me. Chouki followed. Just at that moment, a Mr. Boni, a hatter, handed me a small account for settlement, and I turned aside to pay him, afterwards finishing my refreshment. After spending a minute or so in my room, on the same floor as the dining saloon, I took my seat at the dinner table. There were about six of us, and, to my surprise, Ahmed Choukey was at the table. He had never dined there before to my knowledge, or that of the hotel people. The waiter had commenced attending to my wants, when I noticed that Mr. Oliphant was not present at the table. I got up and went to his room, which adjoined mine, and found him, whom I had left perfectly well just an hour before, in a dead stupor, prostrate on his bed. Nothing could rouse him.

I went back to the dinner table, keeping a watch on Choukey. Something, I know not what, suddenly prompted me to go to my room, where I took a large dose of Eno's Fruit Salt, sufficient to make me vomit.

That, I have always firmly believed, saved me from being

in the state Mr. Oliphant was in, if not worse. I knew that Arabi Pasha had gone that afternoon to Alexandria by special train to interview the Khedive, and it at once occurred to me that the Chief of the Cairo Police, Ibrahim Bey Fauzey, a red-hot Arabist, wanted to be master of my movements, for that night at least. (The great fear with the Arabists was that something would happen to Arabi Pasha, in which case it would have been a poor look out for the Europeans still left in the country.)

As soon as possible, I sought Monsieur Liugi, the manager of the hotel, in his private room. There I told him of my suspicions, and what had happened, insisting on going to see the Chief of the Police at his office, not far from the hotel, with or without Choukey. This was arranged, and we took Choukey with us. I told the Chief of the Police, in his office, that I did not want one of his low spies dodging me about, or any special accommodation in Cairo, or to be drugged or poisoned by his agents, winding up by asking him what he wanted to know of my movements.

There was not much said in reply. I then told him it was my intention to go to Alexandria the next day, and that my resignation would be handed to the Khedive, that I was simply an engineer in the employ of the Egyptian Government, and had no desire to be mixed up in any political intrigue of any kind. I then returned to the hotel, after asking him if I was at liberty to do so. Several of the Europeans still in Cairo called to see me in my room that evening, and later, Ibrahim Bey Fauzey came himself, with one or two of his staff. I told him the same story I had told at the police office in the presence of other friends present, and soon after he took his leave.

A little while after this, before turning in for the night, I experienced a difficulty in breathing, and, later, abdominal pains supervened. Dr Grant, of Cairo, who was called in, gave me a strong purgative, and relief followed. Towards morning I began to feel more myself.

It will, perhaps, be well to give here Mr. Elliott's impressions of that night, agreeable to his letter, as follows:—

“ 14, Thavies Inn,

“ Holborn Circus,

“ London,

“ 31st July, 1882.

“ Dear Sir,—In answer to your letter, I have much pleasure in stating what I know of your doings during the last five days you were in Cairo, as, during that time, I was residing at the same hotel. On the 15th of June, I had to leave my house and came to reside at Shepherd's Hotel. From that time till the 20th, on which date you left for Alexandria, I was a good deal in your company, almost constantly when you were not engaged with business. The last two days, I assisted you with your correspondence. After your return from Alexandria, upon the occasion of your accompanying the Khedive there, you were almost constantly engaged at Boulac in making arrangements for the heavy traffic which then existed upon the railways. You expressed great anxiety for the safety of the trains, and also for the removal of the families of your men at Boulac Works. There was a family at Boulac who were very sick that gave you a great deal of anxiety, and upon two occasions I saw you were much upset by their distressed condition. For two or three days you were working up till midnight, making arrangements for the transfer of people to Alexandria. I was also on the platform the night that the families of your staff went away, and saw you then busily engaged. The railway staff had been so much on duty that it was a source of considerable anxiety to us then in Cairo, if they would be able to stand the pressure put upon them, but I am glad to say that no serious accident occurred. The scenes upon the platform during the first days of the panic were most pitiable. During this panic a disturbance took place at Boulac Works between the workmen, and you went to the Government, which was then represented in Cairo by Arabi Pasha, to give you a guard to prevent any

outbreak, which request he complied with, and the soldiers were still there when I left Cairo on the 2nd of July. On the evening of the 19th of June, when I came into Shepheard's Hotel to dinner, I passed you in the corridor sitting between a gentleman named Coronell and a native Effendi named Ahmed Effendi Choukey. The Effendi was a man I had often seen before at places where Englishmen and native Pashas frequented. He was employed in a Government office, but after the occurrence of the 19th I could not gain much information regarding him, as the native gentlemen then in our company did not wish to acknowledge him. I noticed the Effendi in company with an English gentleman at the hotel that afternoon. At dinner time, however, this gentleman did not come to the table, but the Effendi sat down at the table opposite you. During dinner, I noticed your manner was peculiar. You made but few remarks the time you were at the table. Near the end of the dinner you rose, and went out, accompanied by the Effendi, whom you called from the table. I followed, and found you at the door of the manager's room. You then said that the Effendi had made some remarks with regard to the Kafr-Zayat and other bridges being damaged, so that some mishap might take place to Arabi Pasha, who was then travelling to Alexandria by a special train. You then said you knew him to be a spy, and demanded his arrest. The sub-manager of the hotel sent for a guard of police, and accompanied you and the Effendi to the central police office or Zaptieh. Shortly after, I followed you, accompanied by Dr. Grant and Mr. A. George. We found upon arriving there that you had stated your case, and the Prefect of Police had decided to arrest the Effendi, whom I was told was still in prison when I left Cairo. We returned to Shepheard's Hotel, and you retired to your room. Shortly after our arrival, the Prefect sent an officer and guard to enquire after your safety, and soon after they left he came himself and remained with you and several other English gentlemen for upwards of an hour. At about 11.30 p.m. I

found you walking up and down one of the corridors and complaining of a violent pain in the stomach, and you requested that Dr. Grant should be sent for. You were very ill for upwards of an hour, and when the doctor arrived, he administered a dose of medicine, after which you appeared to have gone to sleep, and the doctor left. Shortly after, however, you came out of your room and appeared to be very excited, and still complained of a pain in your stomach and also the intense heat of your head. During the remainder of the night you were very unwell and excited. You also had a tendency to vomit, your head was very hot, and your hands and feet cold. You expressed fear lest anything should occur to Arabi on his way to Alexandria, for if there did you believed that a massacre would take place in Cairo. Next morning, early, you went to the police office, and when I saw you after your return you were much better, and perfectly calm. I remained with you the greater part of the morning, during which you went into your business affairs, and read over and signed a number of papers. About noon, you sent for the heads of your staff, gave them orders, and also told them that you intended going to Alexandria by the express which left Cairo at 6 p.m. I cannot say what was the cause of your illness, but there is a rumour that I have heard several times, which I am happy to be able to say is untrue. I heard several times that you had been indulging too much in stimulants. This was proved to be untrue by an examination of the books at Shepheard's Hotel, where you were then residing. The examination of the books took place in the presence of several gentlemen (whose names I will give you, and you can refer to them for further information), and showed that you had been more abstemious than usual.

“ I am, sir,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ MICHAEL ELLIOTT.”

This statement was confirmed by Mr. Oliphant. The

Anglo-Indians who examined my account at the hotel never made mention of it to me. It was a piece of impertinence of the worst type, worthy of them.

The next day, in the forenoon, I sent for my assistant, Monsieur Choisey, and explained to him what had happened, that I felt done up, and intended to go to Alexandria that evening. I asked him to get Ramadan Bey, one of our Chief Traffic Inspectors, to go with me to the police office again to tell the Chief of Police of my intention, and then went to the British Consulate to ask for a Dragoman to see me through to Alexandria, all of which was kindly arranged, my friend, Mr. Borge, of the Consulate, willingly consenting to one of the Dragomen, or messengers, of the Consulate going with me. On the way down to Alexandria I was very unwell, the pulse anywhere, and in much pain internally. We, however, reached Alexandria, and I saw Mr. Calvert, then acting as Consul at the British Consulate, and gave him a letter from Mr. Borge. I also saw Mr. Colvin (then acting for Sir Edward Malet, who was still down with fever), and told him I would like to get away. I was too unwell to be of any further use. Mr. Colvin promised to see me in the morning. He never kept that promise. How I and the Dragoman got to Abbatt's Hotel that night I scarcely know. In the early morning came fever and delirium, and I was fairly in the hands of the Philistines. The Dragoman left for Cairo.

My colleague, Mr. Wright, the Engineer of the Permanent Way of the Egyptian Railways, a comparatively new comer, who had returned from Cairo several days before, and who had taken charge of a box of presentation plate of mine from Cairo, and forwarded it to England, saw me, and he has said that injections of morphine were prescribed for me, which were of no use; in fact, the reverse of that.

When a foreigner falls ill in Egypt at an hotel, information is conveyed at once to his Consul, who puts him in the hands of the Consulate doctor. That was how I came to be treated

by Dr. Mackie and his assistant. Mackie, with whom I had not been on speaking terms since the death at Cairo of our mutual friend, Mr. Lawrence Kirby, the well-known barrister, of Alexandria, soon settled his diagnosis without calling a consultation, and, together with his friend, Consul Cookson (who also knew Mr. Kirby well), concocted the following telegram to my father-in-law at Brighton, dated June 23rd, 1882: "Doctor Mackie reports Garwood attack of insanity with delusions of persecution by Government spies. Hope send him to Malta to-morrow with personal friend to look after him. No chance from here direct to England.—(Signed) COOKSON." This was after the abortive attempt to induce sleep by morphine injections, and without a medical consultation!

This telegram did not upset my father-in-law very much. In his characteristic fashion, he described it "a plant." As it happened, he had a telegram from me in his pocket, dated Cairo, June 18th, as follows: "I am safe and well here. Love to wife." A letter also reached them the same day as Cookson's telegram, which was at once published in the Brighton papers, and acted as a counterblast to the nonsense in the London papers, wired from Egypt.

Moberley Bell, a commission agent in Alexandria at the time, was particularly keen on "copy" for one of the London dailies. The "Daily Telegraph" was good enough to insert an apology and contradiction of what they first stated, after learning the truth.

There was no attempt made by Consul Cookson to send me to Malta or put me on board ship in the port of Alexandria, although there were, I was told later, 23 vessels flying the Union Jack in the Port of Alexandria and neighbourhood at that time at his command. Instead, he handed me over to the native police to deal with as they thought best.

A month or two later, he was in England. When I wrote to him to meet me at the Foreign Office to give some explanation of his extraordinary behaviour, his reply was that his health

had completely broken down, and he could not do so. My brother said it was just as well, perhaps. I never quite understood whether he referred to Cookson, or the old Sussex carter with the horsewhip.

To return to my illness at Alexandria. Messrs. Carlisle and Redman, Mr. Goussio, of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Mr. Dano Pecco, of the Egyptian Coal and Iron Company, all personal and old friends, were anxious to do what they could for me, but they were not allowed near me. Mr. Colvin and the Railway Administration, whilst preventing my friends from approaching me, appeared to leave matters to Messrs. Gibson and Wright, then staying at the hotel, who had no right to interfere, and who were doubtless influenced by the Anglo-Indian cabal, and so, in this state of isolation, matters were allowed to drift for a day or two. Gibson was an official who had been brought from India to complete the cadastral survey of Egypt (save the mark!). Wright had also been brought from India by Le Mesurier, to be appointed Chief Engineer of the Permanent Way. Neither of them had the slightest knowledge of Egypt or of Arabic. They both deserted me after preventing my friends getting near me. My chief assistant in charge of the rolling stock at Alexandria, Mr. Redman (now Redman Bey), best tells the story of the futile efforts made by Mr. Carlisle (now Carlisle Bey) and himself to look after me. Here is his narrative of what occurred :—

“November 26th, 1901.

“Dear Mr. Garwood,—I can now continue my reply to your queries in yours of the 3rd inst. Carlisle and I have been comparing notes, and I think I can give you all the data. We remember very well your bringing the Khedive down, and you and Wright came to our office at Gabarri to talk over events, and especially about the Europeans at the out-stations. You were very anxious about them, and wanted to make certain of their

safety. Angel, one of Wright's men, and his family, were living on the canal bank, right among a rough native population. Carlisle took you on one of the pilot engines, and together you made arrangements to bring them down to Gabarri. You returned to Gabarri, and then you went up to FX Station (i.e., Alexandria passenger train station), and left for Cairo. I think this must have been on the 15th June. A few days after this, we heard that you had broken down, that Wright and Gibson had brought you down to Alexandria,* and that you were at the Hotel Abbatt. We went up to see you, but Wright and Gibson thought we had better not see you as you were bad, and perhaps would become more excited if we saw you. Carlisle made answer: 'Mr. Garwood and I were always on the best of terms, and my seeing him may have quite the contrary effect.' They held out that it was best that neither Carlisle nor I should see you. The next thing we heard was that you had been taken to the Government (Arab) Hospital, near the Ramle Railway Station. No ship could be found but a Greek steamer to take you on board and away. The Captain was a very kind fellow, but he stipulated that sufficient men should be sent with you to take proper care of you, and the following men were appointed—Wheeler, Angel, Appleby, and Anstick. Carlisle went to the Hospital for you, and I remained on the jetty till he came. Then we took you on board. Your poor arms and wrists were in an awful state; the cords had cut into them where your hands were tied together. When we got you on board, you got into the berth. Carlisle, with all the gentleness of a woman, washed you and sponged you all over, and made you quite comfortable. I was busy trying to put your things together. Your bag was open, and the things had been tossed into it in a hurried way. We sorted them and made an inventory. We intended to hand it over to one of the officers, but in the hurry of the ship leaving, I think we had to leave that for the men to do. When we left

*This was not correct.



MR. CHARLES REDMAN
(Redman Bey).

the ship you were sleeping as calmly as a child. Here I must leave you, my dear friend, and trust that the data that Carlisle and I have been able to supply you may serve the purpose intended.

“Yours sincerely,

“(Signed) CHARLES REDMAN.”

In spite of morphine injections at the hotel in Alexandria, there were intervals of freedom from delirium, and in one of these I made my way to the British Consulate to ask Mr. Calvert to assist me to go on board ship, agreeable to the concluding lines on my passport as an Englishman travelling abroad. Going to H.M. Consulate was, to use a homely metaphor, jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. Cookson (who had resumed duty again after the knocking about he met with in the Rue des Soeurs, Alexandria, on the 11th June), made short work of me. He gave me a night's lodgings, and then handed me over to the Egyptian police.

Then a singular thing happened. The Consulate, to be certain that Mackie got his fee, paid him handsomely from my money that had been handed over from Abbatts' Hotel cash office, where I had deposited it to meet any sudden emergency. I have never been able to understand where the authority to handle my money in this way came from.

The Egyptians do not make much ado with what is known in Arabic as a “Magnoon” (an imbecile), and persons delirious with fever are all on a par in their estimation. They knocked me about, chained me up in a stall my horse would shrink from, and in that horrible low class native hospital on the outskirts of Alexandria, chained and bleeding from the knocking about, I was found by one of the sons of my old chief, the late General Marriott, who was then attached to the Intelligence Department of the British Government in Alexandria.

What passed between us he and I only know. He had his duty to perform, anxious and hazardous at that

time, but he did what he could, and after his visit better treatment prevailed. I was removed to a cell inside the building, then to another hospital, and then back again. But the heat, the stench, the vermin the sun exposure in the courtyard, without shelter in the latter place, were too horrible.

None of my immediate friends were allowed to see me. Mr. Oliphant came and spent one night, but he could not stand it. After he left, I was so securely fastened up at night, that any improvement during the day was counterbalanced by the treatment when darkness set in.

Soldiers passing through the corridor at night where the cells were situated thought it necessary to shy something at "the Englishman." One night, I well remember, when chained to the wall, a petroleum lamp was put to my feet and legs. The scars are there still.

So for a few days this went on, when one morning my assistant, Mr. Carlisle, the District Locomotive Superintendent at Alexandria, with a posse of my own workmen, walked in.

My greeting was: "You are nearly too late, Carlisle!" They soon had me out of it and into a cab, and I was on board the good ship (a Greek vessel) *Kateria*, Captain Calliga, en route for Greece, before the day was over, thanks to my friends, M. Rhangabe, the Greek Consul at Alexandria, and others.*

I recollect very little about that journey to Greece, but on arrival there the malevolent influence of Alexandria was still

*Thus I owe my escape from worse than death to the kindly action of my old friends and chief assistants, who were denied access to me when I broke down. I must not forget my Greek friends, who took such sympathetic interest in securing my departure. Had my friends, Messrs. Carlisle and Redman, been allowed access to me when I broke down, the matter that follows would never have been written. Gibson and Wright had no right to interfere. We were only officially acquainted. They were proteges of Messrs. Colvin and Le Mesurier. Wright, I understood, left Egypt shortly after the British occupation. Gibson, if still in Egypt, will have long since abandoned the cadastral survey, and have found easy and more lucrative employment, with plenty of "long leave," no doubt.

working. Instead of allowing one of my own men to lead the party with me, one of the Le Mesurier gang, a certain Wheeler, an ignorant bridge mechanic, was in charge, and, I think from what occurred later, was sent purposely to propagate the gospel of imbecility. One of the party, however (engine-driver Appleby) would stand no more of that sort of thing, and said so emphatically. It was all over in a few days. On arrival I was taken to the general hospital at the Piraeus, and treated as an ordinary patient. There was nothing serious to complain about, except that the surroundings were bad, and the ward crowded with patients in every stage of illness.



CHAPTER XLIV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

ONE morning, a tall gentleman stood by the side of my cot in the hospital.

"Do you know me, Mr. Garwood?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied. "It is Lord Bute, and the gentleman with you is Mr. Sneyd." I had met his lordship in Cairo.

Lord Bute took hold of my hand, and said, "You are in my care now; leave everything to me."

Never was there such a magical change. A separate room, a bath—I shall never forget that bath—clean linen, etc., and special attendance, with engine-driver Appleby to look after me. It was to me a new grip of life.

The Marquis of Bute came again, also Mr. Egerton, with a book from the Marquis, and Dr. Afandouloulis, Professor of Medicine in the Athens University, who had been many years in Vienna. He informed Mr. Merlin, H.M. Consul (I have a copy of the letter), that "Mr. Garwood is suffering from congestion of the brain, and that a cold climate is absolutely necessary for his recovery. The attack has been brought on by exposure to the sun and over-anxiety. It is a great pity he was not sent direct to Malta."

Under Lord Bute's direction, I was in a day or two on my way to Naples, in the care of an attendant of the Consulate, Lord Bute and Mr. Sneyd

travelling by the same steamer. There was still slight delirium occasionally and fever up to my arrival in Naples, where I was met by my wife. The sea voyage from Naples to Liverpool, however, worked wonders, and, with the exception of my crippled arm, the sores from the burns on my legs and ankles, and general prostration, I was fairly myself again on landing in old England. The unfortunate part of it was that the knocking about in that dreadful place on the outskirts of Alexandria had still further weakened my hearing.

On arrival at Liverpool, my friends Messrs. Moss and Co., also of Alexandria, were very kind, and did everything to facilitate matters for my departure for London, and we were soon in my father's old rooms in Norfolk Street, Strand, with my eldest brother in attendance. There were one or two visits to Charing Cross Hospital for treatment, a call on Mr. Jervoise Smith, who, unhappily, was ill and confined to the house, then to Sir George Elliot, including a visit with him to the House of Commons on the night of the Egyptian debate, when I was introduced to several gentlemen, amongst others to Sir Stafford Northcote, who had rather a long chat with me on Egyptian affairs generally. After this, to the old home under the Sussex Downs for a few weeks' rest, then to Croydon Lodge, the residence of my friend Mr. Stephenson Clarke, and later on to his Sussex Estate, where I put in some good partridge shooting and walking exercise.



CHAPTER XLV.

BACK TO EGYPT.

ARMED with medical certificates, before the autumn was over I had returned to Egypt to wind up my affairs and seek an inquiry. One might, with the little influence I had, as well have tried to shift the poles. His Highness the Khedive and his Government were powerless. The Anglo-Indians were all-powerful, and so anxious were they to prevent my return to my official duties that I was met with a letter in French (save the mark) on arrival, to say that, having suffered from brain fever, my services were no longer required, at the same time enclosing cheque for six months' salary, four of which were overdue. This was done before an interview or an examination of my medical certificates! They had evidently overlooked the fact that my resignation was for the hands of the Khedive, and that my appointment, like theirs, was Khediviale. It was a gratuitous insult to His Highness the Khedive, but quite worthy of the two who engineered the miserable business.

This Anglo-Indian regime did not last long. Lord Dufferin came, and, later, Lord Cromer, whom I had known in earlier days as Major Baring. Why he ever left Egypt, this one strong man after General Marriott, has always been a mystery to me. His returning to Egypt settled matters. Messrs. Colvin, Le Mesurier, Timmerman, Ornstein, etc., etc., quitted the Egyptian stage. As for myself, from everyone outside the Anglo-Indian cabal in the employ of the Egyptian Government, I met with very hearty greetings, which culminated in a written invitation to a

public banquet, offered by the European community, irrespective of nationality as follows.

[TRANSLATION.]

To

MR, ALFRED GARWOOD,
Engineer-in-Chief Locomotive and Carriage Departments,
Egyptian Government Railways, Cairo.

The undersigned members of the European Colony of Cairo, having heard of your happy return to Egypt, and being desirous of expressing to you their sympathetic appreciation of the energy, the abnegation, and the rare devotion of which you gave such proof in the exercise of your duties at the time the sad troubles commenced in this country, beg you to honour with your presence the banquet they intend giving in your honour on Friday, the 22nd December, 1882, at 8 o'clock in the evening, at the Grand Hotel d'Orient, Cairo.

W. Hanny (French nationality),	Robt. Oliphant (English),
J. Lipori (Italian).	T. H. Gooding (English),
Mason Bey (American),	W. Reppingam (German).
G. Coronel (French),	W. Bitter (Austrian),
E. Frigoli (Italian),	Percy Ebsworth (English),
Barnard, "New York Herald"	E. B. Evans, "Daily Telegraph"
(American),	(English),
E. Frigari (Italian),	H. B. Clere, "Egyptian Gazette"
S. Marshall (English),	(English).
Dr. Mantey (German),	Tito Figari (Italian),
Villiers, "Graphic" (English).	H. Bittar (Austrian),
Woodville, "Illustrated London	F. Heller (Austrian),
News" (English),	S. Katzenstein (German),
C. Benedetto (Italian),	Th. Anastasia (Greek),
J. Garnier (French),	A. Serrao (Italian),
F. Cumbo (Italian),	C. E. Pioda (Italian),
G. Zurigi (Greek),	F. Dyson (English).

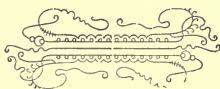
What was equally gratifying to me was an unexpected presentation from the native employes on the railways connected with the locomotive, carriage, and wagon departments. The "Egyptian Gazette" of December 12th, 1882, describes the presentation as follows :—

"On Sunday afternoon a deputation of the native employes (locomotive and carriage department) of the fifth district Upper Egypt lines waited upon Mr. A. E. Garwood, C.E., for the purpose of presenting to him a complete Arabic coffee service, in silver, of native workmanship. The service consisted of a coffee pot, one dozen coffee cups and holders, two censurs, a brazier, and a goblet. In addition to this, they presented Mrs. Garwood with a pair of silver bracelets. The casket containing these articles was of polished oak, and was also of native workmanship, and inside the lid there was an inscription in Arabic and English. The English version is as follows :—'This silver coffee service is presented to Mr. Garwood, Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent, Egyptian Government Railways, by the native employes of the fifth district, who served under his orders for five years. In remembrance.' The presentation was quite unexpected, and Mr. Garwood warmly thanked the deputation for thinking of him, and expressed his deep regret that, for reasons inexplicable to him, his old associations with them had been severed. It had been his endeavour to improve their capacity as railway officials as much as possible, and that his exertions had not been in vain had been amply demonstrated."

I ought here to mention the fidelity of my native servants. On my arrival in Cairo after the occupation, my old Nubian coachman, with my horse and dog-cart, was at the station waiting for me, just as if nothing had happened, and when I got to our home everything was intact, down to the petty cash in the writing table drawer. My man, Hassan, an Egyptian, observed :—"I thought better take your book with the papers to my house, and put them

between mattress and bed bottom. There 'um is ; please see all right." Everything was as I had left them. "Your office at Boulac upside down," said Hassan," "Kalifa, the coachman, 'im tell me." Probably the cabal had been there ; it did not matter.

The tribute of respect from the European community at the banquet, and from the employes on the railways, was very gratifying. Still, I did not propose to accept the position of affairs in the quiet way it was thought I would. My association with the Public Works Company of Egypt, and my seat on the board of directors, still continued. The Public Works Company of Egypt had then a very large amount of Government work in progress, which was congenial occupation for me. The Chief Engineer of the company, a Swiss gentleman, Mr. Jacques Lipori, and his able assistant, an Italian, Mr. Anastasia, were on the best and friendliest of terms with me.



CHAPTER XLVI.

PUBLIC WORKS COMPANY OF EGYPT.

IT was in November, 1882, that another attempt was made to resuscitate the Souakim-Berber Railway scheme. With the authority of the Public Works Company, and plenty of financial backing, Mr. Lipori and I made a joint application to the Egyptian Government for a concession to construct this railway, and the following correspondence passed :—

Le Caire le,

24th November, 1882.

Excellence, - Les soussignés Jacques Lipori, Ingenieur. Alfred Garwood, Ingenieur (Member of the Institution Civil Engineers, London), et Directeur de la Societé Generale de Travaux en Egypte, ont l'honneur de la demander par le presente au, Gouvernement Egyptien la concession pour etablir une voie ferrée destinee a relier la ville de Souakim situee sur la mer Rouge avec le ville de Berber situee sur les bords du Nil (Haute Egypte), ainsi que la concession pour etablir sur le Nil entre la Ville de Berber et la Ville de Khartoum un service de Bateau a vapeur destine soit au transport des voyageurs et marchandises.

Si le Gouvernement Egyptien est dispose a accorder aux



ALFRED E. GARWOOD

(Managing Director, The Public Works Company of Egypt, 1883).

Soussignes les concessions qu'ils ont l'honneur de solliciter plus haute ils s'empresse de soumettre a Sa haute approbation tous les projects relatifs a cette entreprise.

destine au transport des voyageurs et marchandises.

Les Soussignes en priant Votre Excellence de vouloir bien donner suite a leur demande ils ont l'honneur d'être avec le plus profond respect.

De votre Excellence,

les tres devoués;

(Signed)

ALFRED GARWOOD,

J. LIPORI.

A Son Excellence Cherif Pacha,

President du Conseil des Ministres, Caire.

Le Caire le,

5th December, 1882.

Messieurs,—Eu repouse a la lettre que vous-aviez bien voulu m'adresser en date du 24th Novembre dernier, j'ai l'honneur de vous faire savoir qu'il n'entre pas pour le moment dans les vues du Gouvernement d'accorder des concessions pour, l'établissement d'une voie ferrée entre Souakim et Berber et d'un Service de bateaux a vapeur entre Berber et Khartoum.

Recevez, Messieurs, l'assurance de ma consideration distinguee,

Le Président du Conseil des Ministres,

(Signe) CHERIF PASHA.

Messieurs Alfred Garwood et J. Lipori,

Caire.

The decision of the Government was no doubt the result of an interview with the then Financial Adviser. The Anglo-Indian cabal had not the slightest connection with the Public Works Company of Egypt, a company at that time sufficiently strong to have undertaken the work and have finished it. It will be seen by the following extract from the "Egyptian Gazette" of

October 19th, 1883, that important works were carried out to completion in various parts of Egypt by the Company, who decided to wind up their affairs in the winter of 1883-1884.

“ Public Works Company of Egypt,

“ October 19th, 1883.

“ SHARKAWEIH SLUICE BRIDGE.

“ A party of gentlemen recently paid a visit to the above bridge, a new construction built by the above company to the order of the Egyptian Government. This work, on the right bank of the Nile, a few miles north of Cairo, was placed in the hands of the company in March, 1881, and completed in June, 1882.

“ The new bridge consists of five sluices, and is constructed of bricks and stone, the former manufactured on the spot; the latter brought from the famous Makattem quarries, near Cairo. The view from the bridge, looking towards Cairo, is very fine indeed.

“ Considerable difficulty was experienced in preparing the foundations, owing to the sandy nature of the soil, the close proximity to the Nile, and infiltration from water. These difficulties, however, were overcome by the skill and energy of the Engineer in Chief of the company, Mr. J. Lipori.

“ The Public Works Company of Egypt, formed in 1881 under the presidency of his Excellency, Haidar Pasha, has done good service in several places in Egypt.

“ The new General Post Office, the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, and the Bazaar Aghion, at Alexandria, have been successfully completed by the Company, also the new Hospital and Abattoirs at Mansourah.

“ The Company have now under construction five bridges in Upper Egypt and two in Lower Egypt, one of the latter, a very important work, at the entrance of the Sahel Canal Benha.

“ On the visit to the Sharkaweh Bridge, Mr. A. E. Garwood, M.I.C.E., one of the directors of the Company, and

director delegate, was of the party, and pointed out the advantages of such companies to a Government like that of Egypt.

"Endless intrigue was at once put down, the contracts signed, the Company, with the resources at its disposal, commenced work immediately, and with a competent representative of the Government on the spot from the Ministry of Public Works to watch the execution of the work, there could be no hitch, unless from pure malice.

"Mr. Garwood was loud in his praise of the sympathy and support the Company received from the Ministry of Public Works, especially the Technical Department. Difficulties arose, as a matter of course, he observed, with such work. There were at all times rocks ahead, and sometimes the obstinacy or ignorance of an Engineer necessitated an appeal to the Ministry for assistance and support, which very rarely failed."

I was also the Managing Director of the Anglo-Egyptian Iron and Coal Company, to wind up the affairs of which was the chief reason for my return to Egypt. The offices and stores of this company were burnt out in the bombardment of Alexandria, and the coal depôts in the interior of the country pillaged.

His Highness the Khedive had been most kind. When it was decided that my severance with the railway service was likely to be final under the then Administration, he sent me, by his secretary, his portrait, handsomely framed, with his autograph in English characters, delicately arranged for the occasion. The official recognition of my services by his Government followed, as I gradually pressed the matter home. My wife joined me for the winter, 1882—1883, in our old home in the Esbekieh, and we had a fairly good time of it. The old days, however, were gone, and Egypt was not in a mood for much conviviality.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CORNERED AT LAST.

IN the spring of 1883, it was rumoured that the Government of Egypt was giving my case their consideration. I had not up to then received my certificate of service, and it was thought some compensation over and above the two months' salary I had received, i.e., £200, would have some consideration. On the other hand, it was hinted to me that perhaps my conduct in the past had not been satisfactory to her Majesty's representative. This latter matter was soon settled. I wrote to Sir Edward Malet, then H.M. representative in Cairo, as follows:—

“Maison Menasce, Cairo,

“March 21st, 1883.

“Dear Sir Edward Malet,—I have heard from good authority that the Government are giving my case consideration, and that they are favourably disposed towards me. It is also rumoured that, for some reason of which I am ignorant, my conduct here has not been satisfactory to you, which must influence any decision the Government may take with regard to myself. I have at all times felt that my endeavours to carry out the arduous duties I was invited to undertake in this country have met with your satisfaction, and I very much regret if it is otherwise. If the rumour is correct, I shall be glad if you will kindly tell me where I have failed to give satisfaction, and permit me to be allowed to wait on you and give any explanation

you may be pleased to desire. The favour of a line in reply will oblige.

“Yours faithfully,

“ (Signed) A. E. GARWOOD.”

The reply came immediately, as follows:—

“British Agency.

“Dear Mr. Garwood,—There is not a shadow of a foundation for the rumour which has reached you. Anyone who has told you that your conduct here has not been satisfactory to me has taken an unwarrantable liberty with my name, and you have my full authority to say so.

“I remain,

“Yours faithfully,

“ (Signed) EDWARD B. MALET.”

Received March 23rd, 1883.

After this the Press took the matter up, which led to a letter from me, dated June 6th, 1883, as follows:—

“To the Editor of the ‘Egyptian Gazette.’

“Dear Sir,—In your issue of yesterday’s date, you were kind enough to notice the fact of the Egyptian Government having given me a certificate of service rendered them by me since 1877.

“It is perfectly correct; indeed, I fail to understand how it could have been avoided, seeing that I was invited to this country by the late General Marriott on behalf of the Egyptian Government, and nominated by letter to General Marriott by his Highness the ex-Khedive to the position I held in the Government service.

“Comment in detail on the decision taken by the European Administrators of the Railways the day of my return to this country in October last, before even obtaining the approval of the Government, would be absurd and out of place in this letter, such decision being entirely erroneous in many points, and based on a private communication from the personal medical attendant of the President of the Railway Administration, who knew nothing, and could know nothing, of what happened to me

in Cairo on the night of the 19th June, as he was in Alexandria.

“ If this decision had been the result of a properly conducted medical enquiry after my return, when I could have stated my case and submitted the medical certificates I possess, no one would have more freely bowed to and recognised such decision, if duly approved by the Government.

“ I never knew or heard of either Mr. Le Mesurier or Mr. Timmerman before I came to this country, and relying solely on the just and honourable treatment I felt sure of receiving (and did receive) from the British officer and gentleman who invited me here, I resigned an appointment in the Russian railway service, of which anyone might be proud, after eleven years’ of appreciated service.

“ Had I known the Government of the country I came to serve would have permitted such an injustice to be done to me as I have experienced, I should never have come here at all.

“ That a wide divergence of views did exist between myself and the present Administrators of the Egyptian Railways, with regard to the administration of the department I was invited to direct (the most important and expensive of all railways), there can be no question, and I propose to deal with the whole subject, in detail, when the proper time arrives.

“ In the meantime, by kindly inserting this letter in an early issue of your paper, you will oblige,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ A. E. GARWOOD.

“ Maison Menasce, Cairo,

“ 6th June, 1883.”

Sir Edward Malet’s letter was eminently satisfactory, and I felt I was nearing the goal from which all the miserable intrigue emanated. Application was again made to the Minister of Public Works for some recognition of my services, in writing or otherwise, as might be decided. There was still some time to wait. As a matter of fact, it was not until early in June, 1883, that the whole thing was exposed, and here it is :—

“Cher Monsieur,—Le Ministère sur l'avis de Sir A. Colvin a écrit à l'Administration des Chemins de fer pour qu'elle rédige un certificat de bon services que v'aurait remis. Nous n'avons pas encore de réponse.

“Votre bien dévoué,

“(Signé) L. ROUSSEAU.”

(Mons. Rousseau was the Under Secretary of State at the Ministry of Public Works.)

I can imagine an interview which took place between certain people about this time, because a flattering testimonial, dated the 2nd June, 1883, arrived from the Ministry of Public Works, signed by the Minister, Ali Pasha Moubarek, as follows:—

[TRANSLATION.]

“Ministry of Public Works,
“Cairo.

“European Secretary's Office.

“The Minister of Public Works, desirous of testifying the truth, declares and certifies that Mr. Alfred Garwood, late Engineer in Chief of the Locomotive, Carriage, and Wagon Departments of the Egyptian Government Railways, has to his knowledge fulfilled his duties with a zeal, an energy, and ability worthy of the greatest praise, and that the Administrators have always highly valued his services.

“(Signed) The Minister, ALI PACHA.

Seal of
the Ministry.

“Cairo, the 2nd June, 1883.”

The question of compensation, however, was not mentioned, but my suspicions as to who had been pulling the strings all the time were soon confirmed. I knew all along the European Administrators at the railways, had I been minded to take up my position again, could not have prevented it without some

authoritative backing. Here is the letter. It was written on a well-chosen day :—

“Cairo,

“Sunday, June 24th, 1883.

“Dear Garwood,—I do not consider that the Egyptian Government can admit any further claim on your behalf. My own opinion is that your account is justly and finally settled, and if necessity arise, I must advise them in this sense. I am well aware of the value of the services you rendered them while in their employ, but the salary and indemnity you have received are due recognition of that service, and the certificate they have graciously added should, if need be, facilitate you in finding suitable employment elsewhere.

“I cannot, of course, for a moment allow that the time which has elapsed between your leaving the railway and the grant to you by the Government, at your request and instance, of the certificate they were in no way bound to give, can be in any way taken into consideration in connection with your case.

“Yours sincerely,

“(Signed) A. COLVIN.”

Just think of it! His Highness the Khedive of Egypt, whose father had sanctioned my appointment at request of the late General Marriott, had the right to instruct his secretary to write such a letter to me; but not a Colvin.* To this day, the appointment I held from his Highness, and stipulated for before I went to Egypt (see General Marriott's letter addressed to me in the Crimea), has never been rescinded by Khediviale authority.

I knew very little of Colvin officially, except that from one post to another he became Financial Adviser. I understand he has retired on a handsome pension from the Indian Government, and, doubtless, it would be interesting to know how much

* A self-constituted Pharaoh for a very brief period. Had I known that an individual of this type could have tampered with my position in Egypt, wild horses would not have dragged me there.

it exceeds per annum the gratuity of £200 he thought sufficient for me!

Not disposed to submit to Colvin's dictum, I wrote my patron and friend in London, Mr. Jervoise Smith, to ask him to submit the matter to the committee of foreign bondholders, and this is his reply:—

“ 1, Lombard Street, E.C.,

“ 29th October, 1883.

“ Dear Sir,—I have to acknowledge your letter of 21st August and the newspaper with the very interesting account of your life in 1882. With reference to the Railway Administration, I at once made inquiry from a leading member of the Committee of Foreign Bondholders, and was informed that they could not at present interfere in the matter, as they have no Egyptian Committee. Much, however, is expected from Sir Evelyn Baring's presence there, and I hope before long that he will attack and remove the abuses to which you refer.

“ I am very sorry to hear that you were not reinstated in your former position on your return to Egypt. You do not tell me what cause was assigned for the action of the Railway Board, but I presume that it is for some political bias* which you shewed, or were supposed to shew, before the Rebellion of 1882. However, if you do not resume your old employment, your knowledge of Egypt and of the natives is sure to secure you a good position and interesting work. Wherever and whatever it is, I wish you success. and if you have time I shall be glad to have a line from you again.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ JERVOISE SMITH.”

Soon after the receipt of this letter, my report in full, dealing with my five years' work and the incidents related, was ready for Sir Evelyn Baring. He permitted me to present a copy to his Highness the Khedive, but no enquiry or investigation followed.

*See my letter to Sir Edward Malet and his reply.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ANGLO-INDIANS IN EGYPT.

THE following remarkably able letter, written to the "Sunday Times" late in 1882, deserves a chapter to itself:—

"THE JOINT CONTROL IN EGYPT.

"To the Editor of the 'Sunday Times.'

"Sir,—Kalaam Inglese Kalaam dogree. (The word of an Englishman is straight.) Every Englishman who has resided, or travelled, in Egypt, will remember this well-known phrase. It had become a household word amongst the native population, and was used upon every available occasion to express their esteem and regard for our countrymen.

"Unfortunately, all this is changed, and though our recent military successes may have inspired the natives with fear, they will not revive that feeling of confidence which for the last three years has been vanishing into thin air. The ground which has been lost in the affections of the people it will take years to regain, and Englishmen will know to their cost that in future their dealings with the Arabs will not be as smooth as in former years.

"The causes of all this are not far to seek, and if her Majesty's Government will only look them in the face, and cease to act on opinions and advice of a ring of officials who are wedded to a rotten system, they will find that the task of re-organisation will not, after all, present any insuperable difficulty.

"It is a patent fact to all who wish to see it, that the

abuses of the Joint Control are the cause of all the mischief ; but if there should be any doubt whatever on this point, let her Majesty's Government take steps to ascertain the opinions of the respectable independent Europeans and natives, and not rely exclusively upon what they hear from biassed officials.

"The impossibility of the English and French officials working harmoniously together in the same departments, both having conflicting interests to serve, might have been foreseen.

"First and foremost among the crying abuses against which all respectable people in Egypt, native and foreign, very justly complain, is the pernicious and injudicious manner in which the patronage of the European Controllers and Administrators was bestowed, by the appointment of persons utterly unqualified for the posts they were appointed to, they having no knowledge of the languages or customs of the country, or of the manner of dealing with Orientals.

"At the outset, the Controllers acted on the extraordinary assumption—and this was a fatal error—that an European who had resided any time in Egypt must be imbued with the spirit of corruption, and unfit to fill any post ; their real reason being that they did not wish to have in the various departments subordinates who naturally knew more than themselves.

"They thus wedded themselves to a bad system, which has proved disastrous in every way. Experienced European officials were superseded or removed. The native element was excluded altogether from the Government divans, i.e., offices, and a number of young Europeans and Anglo-Indians was imported.

"These men were, for the most part, not only ignorant, but brusque in manner, and overbearing in their dealings with the natives, whose character they little understood ; and, more than that, they showed not even the desire to ingratiate themselves with the people whose bread they were eating.

"Even in their dealings with the native aristocracy and landed proprietors, they acted most arbitrarily ; and, considering

the very great influence which these people exercise over the Fellahen in the provinces, such conduct was, to say the least, as stupid as it was ungentlemanly. On one occasion, a village Sheikh* went to one of the divans and sent in his name, when an Anglo-Indian official was heard to say, 'Let him wait; he's only a fellah!'

"It is most heartily to be desired that in the re-construction which must take place, her Majesty's Government may not be misled by *ex parte* statements made by individual members of the control, who are naturally anxious to maintain themselves and their proteges in office, despite strongly expressed public opinion.

"To some persons it may appear something akin to sacrilege to say a word other than of praise of the English Controller-General. That gentleman has been over here, he has been received in audience by her Most Gracious Majesty, he has had the ears of the Premier, and has returned to Egypt apparently to wield greater authority than before. Strong as his position may be, however, he must be prepared to bear his share of the responsibility for what has happened in Egypt. A Turkish proverb says, 'Balik bashdan kokar' ('Fish first stink at the head'), an expression signifying that the fault of superiors infect their inferiors.

"It is well known of the Controller-General that his utter want of *suaviter in modo*, so essential towards Mahommedans, and his brusqueness in his dealings with the natives and old residents in the country, have caused considerable friction from the very commencement, and have influenced the bearing and manner of all his subordinates. In the selection of his entourage and subordinate officials also, he has, to say the least, been singularly unfortunate.

"An inquiry ought to be instituted as to the conduct of the European element of the Control. The British people, who are to be called upon to pay for the 'pots casses,' would like to be informed on what grounds, and by whom, a Mr. Hornstein

* Faïd Bey, a descendant of an old Pharaonic family.

subsequently known by the name of Ornstein, has been recommended for the distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George.

"Mr. Ornstein was brought from Bucharest to Egypt in a humble capacity some three years ago, and one would think that the £2,000 a year which he draws annually from the Egyptian Treasury ought to be considered sufficient reward for the very distinguished services he has rendered.

"The heavily-burdened fellah would also like to know by what process of manipulation an Anglo-Indian official who was employed by the Control as one of its financial chiefs was allowed, in order to retain his pension under the Indian Government, to leave Cairo and go for one day to Bombay, he only having just returned from leave. This fact was strongly commented upon at the time in the columns of the 'Bombay Times,' but was never explained.

"In the name of the much-vaunted integrity and high honour so loudly proclaimed by the Control, I ask whether any inquiry has been made into the conduct of one of the Chiefs of the Domaines, another Anglo-Indian official, who was mixed up in the interest of his brother, in a transaction much criticised in Egypt at the time, for the sale of sugar refinery machinery from Rhoda, Magaga, etc., on the Nile, to be shipped to the Mauritius, for a company in which his brother was interested, which brother was eventually employed in the Department of Domaines at a good round salary.

"How did it come to pass that the European resident manager of the Egyptian Railways—another Anglo-Indian official—had practically all the contracts for the supply of coal, etc., in his own hands, and that the general public were virtually precluded from competing? How is it that a subordinate clerk in the General Post Office was appointed Director of the Egyptian Posts at a salary of £2,000 a year, and was after a time pitchforked into the position of Director of Customs in Egypt, having had no experience whatever?

“The land survey of Egypt for taxation purposes, known as the ‘Cadastre,’ has had for its active chiefs the English Controller-General and the French Sub-Minister of Public Works, assisted by an obscure French engineer and contractor and a young Anglo-Indian official, the latter, however, having taken no part in the practical control.

“It is a patent fact that after much expenditure of Egyptian funds, the work was found to have been so badly done that it has been suspended. In fact, nearly everything will have to be done over again, from the fact that the ‘Cadastre Committee’ were wholly incompetent, from a practical, as well as scientific, point of view, to perform the functions they had assumed.

“Thus it will be found that, after about three years’ labour, and an expenditure of about £130,000, the Egyptian Government were in possession of surveys to the extent of 130,000 fedans (acres), not taking into account the plant, etc., which had previously been provided. This survey will have cost the Government £1 per acre, while it should not have exceeded one shilling and eightpence per acre.

“These are only a few of the numerous abuses of the European bureaucracy in Egypt, which have, for a long time past, been daily criticised by the thinking portion of the native population, and the old Egyptian residents; and such being the case, it is not surprising that the men calling themselves the National Party, and who were cognizant of all these matters through the native Press and other sources, should have striven to influence the native mind in order to obtain redress for what they considered a serious grievance, feeling that, whilst their claims for consideration, respect, and justice were neglected, an army of useless and highly-paid officials were luxuriating on the flesh-pots of Egypt.

“It would be a grave error, however, to conclude that the native Egyptians object on principle to the maintenance of the European element. On the contrary, they have always welcomed foreign officials, and especially Englishmen, who, while respect-

ing them, were qualified by their experience and knowledge, to guide them. It is certain that had capable men been selected, men who were versed in the ways of Mohammedan countries in the East, the crisis through which Egypt has passed, and which has culminated in a great expenditure of life and treasure, would have been averted; but the almost total exclusion of this invaluable element, and the importation into Egypt of Anglo-Indian officials, wedded as they are known to be to local Indian ideas to the exclusion of all others, has had the most disastrous results, of which ample proofs can be obtained on the spot, if desired.

"I have refrained from any special allusion to the French Jacks-in-office, because I assume that that element is now a thing of the past; but it must be understood that these remarks apply to them in a still greater degree, for the reason that, in addition to their incapacity and bumptiousness, they indulge in political intriguing, which, even in the absence of other abuses, would have brought the whole fabric of the Control to the ground.

"As an instance of the principle upon which French officials were often appointed, it may be mentioned that if one of the French Chiefs of the Control, on going the rounds of the divans, espied an English official whom he had not seen before, he would say to his English colleague, "Ah, monsieur, I see you have an Englishman in such and such a place; I will put in a Frenchman immediately." and, strange as it may appear, a second useless official was foisted upon the unfortunate Egyptians.

"I have only one more question to put. How is it that every independent resident in Egypt knows these things, and her Majesty's Government appears to be totally ignorant of them?

"I am, etc.,

"A RESIDENT IN EGYPT."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE DREAD SCOURGE.

ABOUT the end of July I intended to follow my wife to England, hoping still to obtain some redress at the hands of the Committee of Foreign Bondholders, but the cholera came, and came with a vengeance indescribable. The yellow air, as the Egyptians call it, was there in all its intensity. The panic at the outset was severe. There was a general *saue qui peut*. The trains were crowded with fugitives, and the authorities, regardless of the danger, permitted the residents of the Boulac suburb, where the outbreak originated, to scatter themselves broadcast all over the town of Cairo.

Calling at the Public Works Company's offices to ascertain how the workpeople were behaving at the various public works the Company had then under construction and in progress, I was met by Mr. Lipori, our Chief Engineer, who had made up his mind to go to Europe, as he was in a poor state of health. He begged me to take his place during his absence, which, after consultation with my colleagues, who were also leaving, I agreed to do, and there and then was pledged to see the cholera through, carry on the various works, and make the best of it. This, with the cordial assistance of the Assistant Chief Engineer, Mr. Anastasia, was done.

It was a dreadful time. The mortality was terrible, and owing to the careless way in which the Egyptians treat their dead, the scenes were very distressing.

When the epidemic returned again a few years later, I wrote a description to one of the leading papers in South Wales of what a cholera epidemic is like in Egypt. The pariah dogs, the birds, particularly the scavenging kite, so well-known in Cairo, disappeared, the leaves of the trees turned yellow from the terrible blight, and no headway was made in checking the scourge, until a large party of English doctors came. With their advent, and that of the cold weather, the deadly disease gradually disappeared (see appendix).

The coming of the English medical men was very welcome to me. Several became warm friends of mine, and my home was their home. Doctor Leslie took up his quarters with me. He, I, and Doctor Cruikshank, now Cruikshank Pasha, became chums, and were on the happiest terms. The discussions in my rooms as to the origin of cholera, whether in the air or water, the bacteria, etc., waxed warm at times. Then came Dr. Dutrieux, fresh from the interior of Egypt (where he had been studying the subject), as my guest, and to recuperate. He was very ill when staying with me. Poor Leslie was killed outside of Souakim a little later, when with Baker Pasha's ill-fated Expedition, together with another old friend, Morice Bey, of the Coastguard Service. They had both volunteered for service with Baker Pasha.

One incident I well remember, when the epidemic had assumed alarming proportions. Information came to me that one of the first friends I had made in Egypt years before had been stricken down. There was nothing to be done but go and see after him. His residence was at Ghizeh, on the outskirts of Cairo. It was well I did, for his servants had lost their heads and made a clean bolt of it. Under providence, my friend recovered. I think singing him songs of Bonnie Scotland, with a little bit of a Highland fling thrown in, helped to pull him

through. Anything that can be done to prevent the hopeless lethargy that accompanies cholera is good treatment. My old friend, then Wilson Bey, now Wilson Pasha, afterwards sent me a warm letter of thanks.

I had seen cholera in Russia, but never anything like the epidemic at Cairo. I gave the Russian remedy to a chemist in the same block I lived in. He had reason to be grateful. It established his reputation as a Hakim Tayib (a good doctor).



CHAPTER L.

FEVER AGAIN.

WITH the winter 1883-1884 approaching, several of my colleagues on the Board of Direction of the Public Works Company of Egypt returned, when it was decided to close operations and wind up our affairs. Mr. Lipori, the Chief Engineer of the Company, also returned to take over the charge of the completion of the work in hand, which was done to the satisfaction of all concerned. The Company had done good work for Egypt, and wound up their affairs in a most satisfactory manner. The following letter, written me by my colleagues, gave me much satisfaction :

[TRANSLATION.]

“Societe Generale de Travaux en Egypt,

“Alexandria,

“November 29th, 1883.

“Dear Sir and Colleague,—We have the honour to inform you the Administrative Council of the Public Works Company of Egypt, at their meeting on the 24th inst., decided unanimously to address you this letter of thanks for the active and enlightened support you have given the Company during the five years you have fulfilled the duties of advising Director to our Company.

“In bringing the decision to your knowledge, we are

happy to express to you personally our esteem and respect.

“The Administrative Council.

“(Signed) M. AGHION, P. FLACK, GEO GOUSSIO.

“A Monsieur A. E. Garwood, Ingenieur, Administrator de la Societe Generale de Travaux en Egypte le Caire.”

On receipt of this letter, I decided to leave Egypt for England to be home for Christmas. Then an extraordinary thing happened. I had been round to take farewell of my friends, amongst them his Excellency Ismail Pasha Yousrey, the Pasha I met when I first arrived in Egypt. When he heard that my call was to take farewell, he would not hear of it, winding up with: “Don’t go yet, anyhow. They are asking me to go back to the Railway Administration, but I won’t go without you.” I wrote my wife on the subject, and told her I had obtained a medical certificate as to the state of my health, and would stay on a short time.

[COPY OF CERTIFICATE.]

“Shepherd’s Hotel,

“Cairo.

“We, the undersigned, certify that we have examined Mr. A. E. Garwood, and have found him in perfect health, mental and physical.

“Admitting that Mr. Garwood had been the subject of mental excitement in June, 1882, caused by excessive bodily and mental fatigue in prosecuting his duties as Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent of the Egyptian Government Railways under very trying circumstances (without being able to exclude the possibility that some drug may have been introduced into his refreshments at that time), we have had evidence submitted to us that he has recently fulfilled, to the entire satisfaction of his colleagues, the responsible duties of Managing Director during the five months’ (including the trying time of the cholera epidemic) absence of the directors of the Public Works Company of Egypt.

"After examining the medical certificates brought by Mr. A. E. Garwood from his medical advisers in England, and from the testimony furnished by persons of character in Egypt, and being assured that Mr. A. E. Garwood's habits of life have not changed, we certify that he has shown no signs of a return of the mental excitement he suffered from in June, 1882.

"Mr. A. E. Garwood has enjoyed perfect health since his return from England in October, 1882, and we are unanimous in our opinion that he is mentally and physically fit to undertake the duties of a responsible position.

"(Signed),

"D. A. AMBRON.

D. A. VERNON.

"W. D. WILSON, M.B., Surg.

J. A. S. GRANT, M.D.

Major, A.M.D.

Dr. WILDT.

"E. G. McDOWELL.

Dr. A. LESLIE."

"BRYAFIE JURPON, A.M.D.

Doctor Mackie declined to be present. I did not expect he would attend. I wanted him to explain the reason for his morphine injections at Alexandria.

Waiting quietly for the next move at Shepherd's Hotel, a hearty "How do you do," came one morning at the door of my room. It was from Mr. Greig, who was the outdoor representative, and a partner, of Messrs. John Fowler and Co., the well-known agricultural machinery manufacturers, of Leeds. We had known each other many years. I told him what I was waiting for. "That's all right," said he; "then you can come up to Rhoda with me for a day or two and carry out some steam ploughing experiments with Wilson Bey and myself."

We went to Rhoda, a considerable distance south of Cairo. The trip was an enjoyable one, and we were soon at work with the steam ploughs. Steam ploughing in England is one thing, but turning up deep black furrows of old Nile mud is another thing. I contracted fever again. We got back to Cairo all right, but about the 19th of December I began to feel unwell.

On January 1st I settled up with my servants, and a few days later the *dingue*, i.e., Nile, fever was at work. Representation was made by the hotel people to the Consulate authorities that I was ill. Their medical man put in an appearance, and I was removed to the Abassieh Hospital.

The Consular medical treatment did not last long—there were too many British officers and medical men, who were not faddists, about, and understood what malarial fever meant, to stand any nonsense. I was also surrounded with kindness by many of the British officers I had met in Cairo. Many were in the camp at Abassieh, close to the hospital.

The fever rapidly passed off, and on January 9th I was at lunch in the mess-room of these gentlemen. The next day I lunched with them again as Chamley Turner's guest. Later, he, poor fellow, was drowned in the Nile. My friend Doctor Cruikshank the next day took me in charge, and we were back in Cairo on the 11th in Doctor Cruikshank's rooms, arranging my departure for Europe.

On the 15th, we left Cairo together for Port Said. Doctor Cruikshank looked after everything. Then came the final good-bye at Port Said on the 17th January, where we waited the arrival of my wife in the P. & O. steamer "*Venetia*." Happily, the S.S. "*Nepaul*" came in from Suez a little later, and as our passages were taken, we were soon on board, bound for England. Doctor Cruikshank left Port Said for Ismailia on that date at midnight, with our joint blessing in all sincerity for his kindness.

The leaving Cairo for the last time brings back recollections. Sir Evelyn Baring (now Lord Cromer) wrote me a very pleasant letter, as follows:—

" January 10th, 1884.

" Dear Mr. Garwood,—I have received your letter of the 7th. I am glad to find, from a conversation with Doctor Grant, that your friend Dr. Cruikshank is willing to put

you up for the few days that you may remain here before starting for England. I was very sorry indeed to hear of your illness, and I am rejoiced to hear from Dr. Grant that you have now recovered your health.

“Yours very truly,

“ (Signed) E. BARING.”

Then came the following printed address from my old railway staff:—

“Cairo, January 15th, 1884.

“To Alfred E. Garwood, Esq., C.E. (late Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent, Egyptian Government Railways).

“Dear Sir,—We, the Europeans and natives connected with the Locomotive Department of the Egyptian Government Railways, beg to express to you our sincere regret at your departure.

“The uniform kindness and great abilities you have always shown has won for you the respect and admiration of the entire Department, both native and European, of which you were the head.

“In wishing you farewell, we hope to hear of your future welfare, and trust that all your undertakings may be successful.

“We remain, dear sir,

“Your obedient servants,

“The Staff of the Locomotive

“Department, Boulac, Cairo.”

On January 19th, we were at sea en route for England; in a day or two off Malta, in a gale of wind; passed Gibraltar on the 25th, landing at Plymouth on the 30th, arriving at our little cottage at Arundel the same evening, thankful to God for all His mercy to us both. I had been away from the old home since 1860.

CHAPTER LI.

AT HOME.

THE air of the old South Downs soon had the usual effect, and I was quickly ready for harness again, when employment came (that happily suited me for a time, and was very congenial), in the near neighbourhood of Arundel.

An old friend of my boyhood came to me and said he wanted assistance at his agricultural works near the town. The next morning I took over charge of his office and yard, and a happy time we had of it all through the spring, summer, and winter. The knowledge I gained at these works of agricultural machinery, their repairs, etc., became most useful to me later ; but I had not done with Egypt yet.

To my astonishment one morning, Messrs. Rowell and Hewgill called on me at Arundel to say they had been deputed by the old staff in Egypt to ask after my welfare, and to see me personally. It was a very pleasant meeting. Later, a representative from Messrs. Mappin and Webb called with a gift from Egypt, which I prize more than I can tell.

The "West Sussex Gazette" of July 10th, 1884, tells the story as follows:—

"MR. A. E. GARWOOD AND HIS OLD EGYPTIAN STAFF.

"A representative of Messrs. Mappin and Webb, the well-known silversmiths, waited on Mr. A. E. Garwood, on Friday

last, on behalf of the Locomotive Staff of the Egyptian Government Railways, to present him with a testimonial (purchased by them from Messrs. Mappin and Webb), as a souvenir and mark of their respect and esteem. The testimonial consists of a very handsome timepiece, with side ornaments, together with an album of photographs of Egyptian views, etc., etc. The inscription is as follows: 'A token of respect presented to A. E. Garwood, Esq., C.E., late Locomotive and Carriage Superintendent, by the Locomotive Staff, Egyptian Government Railways. Egypt, 1884.' Mr. Garwood begged Messrs. Mappin and Webb to assure the committee and the subscribers that he felt and appreciated the kindness that prompted his old staff to send him such a handsome souvenir. The gift would be much prized, and would remind him of the old days when the work they did together was a source of real pleasure and satisfaction. Without the cordial assistance of his staff, it would have been impossible to do the work that was done for the Egyptian Government during the five years he was at their head. With reference to the events of 1882, residents in Egypt, both European and native, owed much to the faithful and energetic manner every man did his duty during the trying times before the bombardment of Alexandria, when thousands were leaving the interior of Egypt by the railways, the European Railway Administrators having abandoned their offices in Cairo. It was, and always would be, an immense satisfaction to him that throughout that time no serious accident or delay occurred in the train service on the various railways. The breakdown of his health towards the end counted as nothing in comparison. Mr. Garwood regretted that the treatment he received when ill in Alexandria at the hands of the British Consul and his medical adviser, and the subsequent injustice from the Egyptian Government, through their Financial Adviser, and the Railway Administrators, exclusive of the Egyptian Administrator, necessitated the severance of his connection with his staff, but he would never

forget the kindness and the cordial support he at all times received from them. He was sure they would be all glad to know that his health had much benefitted by the change of climate, and that he had congenial occupation."

Then, in October, came a letter from his Highness the Khedive of Egypt, as follows:—

"My dear Mr. Garwood,—I am commanded by his Highness the Khedive, my august master, to acknowledge with thanks the message and good wishes you forwarded to his Highness, in your letter to myself of the 21st September; and, in reply, to say that his Highness is greatly rejoiced to hear of your improved health, and will always continue to take a lively interest in your welfare and prosperity.

"I am,

"My dear Mr. Garwood,

"Very truly yours,

"GOODALL BEY.

"To A. E. Garwood, Esq., C.E."

This was a very gratifying letter; but what of my request for a Foreign Office inquiry into my treatment in Egypt? My eldest brother, the late Alderman Robert Batcheler-Garwood, of Arundel, formerly Engineer R.N. with the Fleet before Sevastopol, was more than dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to me in Egypt, and drew the late Sir Walter Barttelot's attention to the matter. Sir Walter was M.P. for West Sussex, and knew us well. He did his utmost, and sought a formal inquiry at the Foreign Office. Sir Walter's last letter to me on the subject will be read with some interest. It was as follows:—

"39, St. James Place.

"London,

"March 20th, 1884.

"My dear Sir,—I have done my best in your case, and

have laid it fully before the Foreign Office, and have seen Lord Edmund Fitzmaurice on the subject. More I cannot do.

“Truly yours,

“(Signed) WALTER B. BARTTELOT.

“A. E. Garwood, Esq.,

“Maltravers Street,

“Arundel.”

Needless to say, I never heard from the Foreign Office. With the spring of 1885, I decided to move to London, to commence practice as a Consulting Engineer on my own account. At first, I thought of a Colonial life, and was very nearly going to the Congo Free State. Sir Edward Malet had very kindly given me a letter of introduction to the King of the Belgians' confidential agent at Brussels, where I went to see him; but other counsels prevailed, and as soon as it was known I was looking for more serious work, it came.

My friend, the late Mr. John M. Cook (Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, of Ludgate Circus), wired me he was going to Portsmouth, and to meet him at Arundel Station on his way down. The conversation was brief.

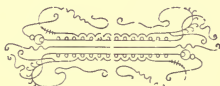
Their firm had determined to put a new fleet of steam tourist boats on the Nile, and wanted me to undertake the inspection of their construction—two at Glasgow, two in the South of France (on the Rhone), and also a large steam launch.

Nothing could have suited me better. His Egyptian manager, Rostovitz Bey, and the Engineer of the shipbuilding yard in France, were in London, and I was asked to meet them at once and report. Mr. Cook added that the two sons of his Highness the Khedive—the present Khedive Abbass Pasha, and his brother, Prince Mohamed Ali—would be in London shortly, travelling under their care, and he would want me to go with them to Derby to look over the railway works, and then on to

Scotland. I was in London the next day, then on to Glasgow to arrange preliminaries, then to Arles in the South of France with the same object, calling at Lyons, where the owner of the works at Arles resided, and where the works for the manufacture of the machinery and boilers were situated. Returning from the South of France, a pleasant time was spent with the young Egyptian Princes at Derby, and also several days in Scotland. The Scotch boats for the Nile were rapidly built, then taken to pieces, and sent out to be put together and built complete at Boulac, near Cairo.

The French boats were delayed in delivery owing to two causes. The works were not equipped for quick despatch work, and the annual inundation of the Rhone Valley came earlier than usual. I was three months at Arles, and at last had the satisfaction of steaming the boats down the Rhone to Port St. Louis, thence to Marseilles, with my old friend Rostovitz Bey in charge of one, and I the other. These vessels steamed across the Mediterranean under convoy, and then up the Nile to Cairo, reaching there in time for the winter season. I returned from Marseilles to London overland, my work for Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son completed.

On reaching London I at once commenced practice as a Consulting Engineer, in association with Messrs. McConnell & Lowthian, at 35a, Great George Street, Westminster, still residing at Arundel.



CHAPTER LII.

HOW I CAME TO NEWPORT.

OUR business arrangements went on successfully until the latter part of 1886, when one morning I met Sir George Elliot accidentally in Great George Street. I had carried through several little commissions for him, and had known him in Egypt in the old days.

"I want you to go down to Newport, in Monmouthshire," he said, "to look over the Docks, the locomotives, and plant generally. I have large interests down there. When can you go?" I replied that I was immediately ready, and Sir George wrote on a card: "Show Garwood everything." This was to the Engineer, Mr. Smyth, whom I had met before in Egypt.

A day or two later saw me in Newport, and at the end of the following week my report, a matter of some 30 pages of foolscap, was in Sir George Elliot's hands. He was then staying at Bath.

A telegram telling me to remain at Newport until he saw me seemed to indicate that I was wanted, as indeed it turned out when he came over to Newport a few days later. We met on the platform at the Railway Station, and Sir George asked for my promise to carry out my report. I accepted, after a little hesitation. I was thinking of my friends in London, with whom I was associated to some extent, particularly of a special friend, Mr. Geo. Lowthian, C.E., with whom I felt disinclined to part.

There was no written agreement of any kind—the whole thing was settled in that brusque and ready style characteristic of the old Northumberland pit boy. Then came a telegram from Sir George to Mr. Smyth: “Put the whole thing under Garwood, and work without contractors.” This meant the re-organisation of the services at the Docks, the re-construction of much of the plant, hoists, locomotives, and dredger, the taking over from the contractors the completion of the dock extension at Newport, the completion of a loop line of railway from Machen to Caerphilly, the acting as Locomotive Superintendent of the Pontypridd and Caerphilly Railway, etc. This work went on to completion from 1886 to 1892, when some differences arising out of the wages question and other matters more personal, I returned to private practice as a Consulting Engineer again. The employes of the Dock Company presented me with a very handsome testimonial when I left them, and there was a special one for my wife, which gave us much pleasure; also one from private friends, which was presented at a banquet at the Westgate Hotel, Newport. My practice as a Consulting Engineer, residing at Newport, has continued to the present, and here, living in retirement and happy with my surroundings, I am waiting and hoping

Until the hour when daylight dies,
And silence falls on land and sea.

A.E.G.



APPENDIX.

APPENDIX I.

TRIAL TRIP.

These two twin-screw steamers, named "The Honfleur" and "Rennes," were designed and built specially for the Channel traffic, both passenger and cargo, between Littlehampton, on the South Coast, and Honfleur in France. At the trial of the "Honfleur," the following is a record of the results obtained:—"The Honfleur left Blackwall at noon with Mr. Craven, Mr. Garwood, and Captain Shaw as representatives of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway. Mr. Lungley, the constructor, and Mr. Reed (now Sir Edward Reed, M.P.), Chief Constructor to H.M. Navy, were also present. Two runs were made at the measured mile, the first with the tide, in 3 minutes, 50 secs., and the second against the tide, in 6 minutes; giving, in the first instance, a speed of 16.65 knots, and after calculating the ten minutes' run, a mean speed of 12.82 knots per hour, or nearly 15 miles. After the completion of the speed trials, the steering experiments were commenced under the direction of the Chief Constructor to the Royal Navy. It was found that with the vessel at full speed, by putting the helm over, and reversing one screw, she was turned through the half-circle in 1 min., 50 secs., and through the full circle in 3 mins., 4 secs., which considering the state of the weather, was deemed highly satisfactory.

Pressure of steam	30lbs.
Vacuum	20
Revolutions per minute	90.

APPENDIX II.

CHOLERA EPIDEMICS.

IS ARABIA THEIR STARTING POINT?

Following is a copy of the letter I wrote to a South Wales paper on the above subject:—

During many years' experience abroad in connection with railways and public works, I have been brought in direct contact with serious outbreaks of cholera on more than one occasion, and I shall be glad of space in your paper to offer a few observations on the subject. It is now admitted beyond a doubt that cholera is caused by drinking contaminated water or eating decayed animal and vegetable food, both water and food, under certain conditions and a high temperature, being charged with parasites emanating from fertilised filth, generally found where an outbreak of cholera occurs. Cholera is also carried from place to place by persons who have taken the disease, also in rags, clothing, and any other portable substance removed from a district where cholera exists to another.

My first experience of cholera was at St. Petersburg in 1869, and my last at Cairo, in 1883. In St. Petersburg the disease is practically endemic on the riverside, and also in the interior of Russia in the delta of the rivers. The outbreak in 1870 at St. Petersburg was serious, particularly on the north side of the town, but in no sense so virulent or to be compared with the epidemic of 1883 in Egypt. In 1877 my work took

me to Egypt, and when taking over my new appointment, which included the control of the stores at the Government works at Boulac, a suburb of Cairo, I noticed a number of empty coffins stowed conveniently away. "What does this mean?" I queried. My informant, an employé of many years' experience, replied, "Oh, we always keep them in stock; we never know what may happen here when the hot weather comes or when the pilgrims return, and it generally breaks out down here when it does come"—meaning Boulac and the cholera. In 1883 the cholera came with a vengeance, and the Boulac district was the first to suffer.

I do not propose to go into the origin of this outbreak and the terrible loss of life that followed, but will give a brief description of my experience of the epidemic. I was inside the military cordon that surrounded Cairo during the cholera period, and where the disease created such havoc owing, perhaps, in a measure, to the panic-stricken population of Boulac being allowed to cross through the town of Cairo when the alarming outbreak occurred, thus spreading the disease in every direction. For more than a week Cairo was enveloped in a thick yellow fog; the numerous carrion birds and the pariah dogs, well known in the streets, abandoned the place. Even the leaves on the acacia trees in the avenues turned yellow from the dreadful blight, proving that the atmosphere, as well as the water, was charged with those parasites that breed the scourge. One of the preventatives adopted to clear the atmosphere was large open circular reservoirs of smoking tar in the streets. This, and other precautionary measures, combined with a fall in the temperature, did much to clear the pestilence from the streets, until gradually the epidemic subsided. Official statistics placed the mortality at 50,000 souls; experts, however, placed the figures much higher. I was for five years responsible for the safe transit of the pilgrims that cross Egypt by railway to Suez every year. The scenes I witnessed on these pilgrim trains baffle description—bad enough

on the outward passage, but ten thousand times worse on the return. I have seen the poor wretches huddled together, like sheep, many of them without food or nourishment of any kind, except raw vegetables, in a state of filth indescribable. These poor creatures, that is to say those that return, many of them but shadows of their former selves, reach Alexandria and find their way home again to the East, West, and North of the Mediterranean, to spread the pestilence they bring with them wherever there is the least opening for the disease to take root and flourish. I have also seen the pilgrim ships passing the Suez Canal, and it is no exaggeration to state that the foul odours from these vessels are noticeable as they approach, bringing pestilence and disease with them from Arabia.

I now come to the cause of these cholera epidemics, and there can be but one opinion that it is to Arabia we must look, and to the way in which pilgrimages are conducted to and from the holy places. The late Sir Richard Burton best tells the tale. I knew him well, and we frequently met in Egypt. It is well known he made the pilgrimage to the holy places disguised as a Moslem. According to him the principal caravan of the pilgrim season from El Medinah to Mecca takes from eleven to twelve days, a distance of 248 miles, and consists of from 8,000 to 10,000 souls. The following is the scene on the first day, after the long and sultry afternoon:—Beasts of burden began to sink in numbers; the fresh carcasses of asses, ponies, and camels dotted the wayside; those that had been allowed to die were abandoned to the foul carrion birds, and all whose throats had been properly cut were surrounded by troops of Takturi pilgrims. These half-starved wretches cut steaks from the choicest portions and slung them over their shoulders till an opportunity of cooking might arrive. "I never saw men more destitute," he says. "They carried wooden bowls, which they filled with water by begging, their costumes an old skull cap and long dirty skirt; I fancied death depicted

in their forms and features. And this goes on for twelve days until the caravan arrives near Mecca." At Mecca Sir Richard describes the famous Zem Zem water, which is used for drinking and religious ablutions; it is apt to cause diarrhœa and boils, and is exceedingly heavy to the taste. This water is sent to distant regions in large glazed and sealed earthen jars, and at Calcutta, Bombay, and other Mohammedan cities one can easily find a jar of this water.

On Sir Richard's first visit to Arafat, the Holy Hill or Mount outside Mecca, dead animals dotted the ground, and carcases had been cast into a dry tank, the Birket el Shaun, which caused every Bedawi and pilgrim to hold his nose, and it is here, on the right of the road, the poorer pilgrims who could not find houses had erected huts and pitched their ragged tents. On arriving at Arafat, about twelve miles due east of Mecca, Sir Richard writes:—"Our weary camels suffered, but human beings suffered more; between Muna and Arafat I saw no less than five men fall down and die upon the highway." The corpses were carelessly buried the same evening in a vacant place amongst the crowd encamped upon the Arafat plain. In reference to the sacrifice of sheep and oxen at Muna, half-way between Mecca and Arafat—an important rite imposed upon pilgrims—Sir Richard writes:—"Parties of Takruri pilgrims might be seen sitting, vulture-like, contemplating the sheep and goats, and no sooner was the signal given than they fell upon the bodies and cut them up without removing them. The surface of the valley soon came to resemble the dirtiest slaughter-house, and I drew bad auguries for the future; in addition to the heat, we had swarms of flies, and the blood-stained earth began to reek with noisome vapours, and I for one was anxious to escape the now pestilential air of Muna. Literally, the land stank. Five or six thousand animals had been slain and cut up in this devil's punch-bowl. The reader is left to imagine the rest. The exit of Muna was crowded, for many, like ourselves, were flying from the revolting scene.

I could not think without pity of those detained another day and a half in the foul spot."

Since this was written there have been deadly epidemics, which began, it is reported, at Muna, and this year the scourge is reported to have been terrible. Is it to be wondered at? And these scenes go on year after year with an ever-increasing number of pilgrims within a fortnight's easy travelling of London, thus gradually, but surely, planting annually this dreadful scourge throughout Europe. Can nothing be done to stop it? What I have to suggest for cure is this:—

(1) International commission of control, with power to visit the holy places and send sanitary experts.

(2) Pilgrims of all nationalities to obtain passports from their respective Governments before starting on the pilgrimage.

(3) No passport to be granted unless the pilgrim gives satisfactory proof that he has sufficient means to undertake the pilgrimage in a decent manner.

(4) No pilgrims to land at Yamba, Jeddah, or any port in the Red Sea without this passport.

(5) No caravans of pilgrims to pass certain points of a fixed frontier to the holy places without passports.

(6) The passport to be taxed and the revenue therefrom devoted to the maintenance of the wells, etc., at the halting places and holy places.

(7) The sacrifice of animals at Muna, outside Mecca, to be under strict control.

One thing is certain, unless something is done to put down the disease at the fountain head, Europe will have cause one day to bitterly regret the apathy at present exhibited.

A. E. GARWOOD.

Newport, Mon.

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